PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 307 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 33
MEDITERRANEAN DIPLOMACY 36
THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK 37
A LONDON DIARY. By Hypocritic 38
THIS ENGLAND 39
A CHINESE POPULAR FRONT? By Freda Utley . 40
SADISM IN THE NURSERY. By Y. Y. 41
EVACUATING "BRITISH SUBJECTS" 42
ENLIGHTENMENT, GROWTH OF. By F. L. Lucas . 43
CORRESPONDENCE 43
From Enid O. Welsdon; A. J. Blake; Rupert Fricker; T. C. Foley; Ronald Kidd; Arriba España; Edward Thompson; Gerald Bullett and Others; Jonathan Griffin; Dr. Stella Churchill; John Moore.
THE CHARITY BALL 46
MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. By V. S. Pritchett . . . 46
WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR MUSICAL CHILDREN. By W. J. Turner 47
THE CIRCUS. By G. W. Stonier . . . Page 48
APARTMENT TO LET 49
PLAYS AND PICTURES 49
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 50
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Brian Howard 51
A Modern Oedipus. By Raymond Mortimer . . 52
Culture and Philosophy of India. By C. E. M. Joad 53
Morland Trained? By Ralph Partridge . . 54
Henrietta-Maria. By Janet Mackay . . . 56
No Moss. By Richard Church 58
The Economist as Citizen. By Honor Croome . 60
Unemployed 60
SHORTER NOTICES 60
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 62
CROSSWORD 64
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 66

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ON Monday there was published the text of the celebrated "gentleman's agreement" which restored the traditional good relations between Downing Street and Rome. On Tuesday we learned what sort of "gentleman" Mussolini is. Between the initialing and the signing of the agreement he despatched an expeditionary force of over 10,000 troops to Cadiz. To imagine that this invasion of Spain mars the British reconciliation with Italy is, as we explain in our leading article, to misread the intentions of the Foreign Office. Meanwhile, the dispute between the German Government and the autonomous Basque Government over the seizure of the German ship Palos reached the stage of an ultimatum with a three days' limit. The retention in Balbao of the materials seized on this vessel is certainly lawful, and for the arrest of a suspicious Spanish passenger there are good precedents from the American Civil War. On the other hand, the seizure by German warships of two Spanish merchant ships and the driving aground of a third are "reprisals" for which there is no shadow of legal justification. The shooting by the Basques of a German prisoner who was leading a rebel force against them is regrettable, just as the shooting of any prisoners of war is regrettable, but Germany has on this score no ground for official protest. The peculiarity of this affair is that Germany has singled out for attack as models of Communist depravity the Basques, who in fact are Catholic Conservatives.

The Odds in Spain

While Germany and Italy still delay their answer to the Franco-British Note on "volunteering" (which will doubtless be equivocal when at length it arrives) the military struggle has been resumed in Spain with considerable intensity. The rebels before Madrid are now concentrating their attack on the Escorial and the Corunna road in the West. Here they have compelled a slight retreat and have driven a salient into the Government's lines. But, in spite of the heavy bombing of the capital, we have the impression that the real attack by the main German forces has not yet begun. The Government has, on the other hand, won much ground towards Siguenza on the North-East. The Italians seem to be destined for an offensive in the South-East from Cordova towards Jaen. Here (as round Madrid) the International Brigade bore the brunt of the defence.

Ralph Fox

Ralph Fox was among those killed in action with the International Brigade. This gallant young man (who went from Oxford to serve with the Quakers on the

Volga during the Russian famine after the war) had written several admirable books, amongst them a brilliant first novel, *Storming Heaven*, and a remarkable and scholarly study of Genghiz Khan. He was a considerable authority on the Far East and had done important research work at the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow. As a journalist he contributed regularly to the *Left Review* and wrote the Worker's Notebook in the *Daily Worker*. He was one of the ablest members of the British Communist Party, which he joined as a result of his Russian experience. He was a man of the highest intellectual integrity who combined breadth of understanding and scholarship with deep conviction and devotion. The number of British volunteers in the Brigade grows rapidly, but so do casualties. The *Daily Mail* has published the peculiarly mean slander that these "mercenaries" receive £1 a day. In fact, their pay is approximately sixpence. Because the Western Governments flinched they are attempting by private gallantry to fight our battle for us. But a Brigade of 10,000 men faces Italian and German regulars who together must number about 30,000. While the Fascist intervention increases without sign of check, news reaches us that new obstacles are being raised against sending additional recruits to the International Brigade.

Horst Wessel über Alles

The serio-comic episodes which have produced real tension between Germany and Holland over the marriage of Princess Juliana to Prince Bernhard Zur Lippe-Biesterfeld are illuminating comments on the extraordinary mentality of German Nazism. For a whole week the German press was filled with violent diatribes against Holland and the unlucky Prince on the grounds that Germany had been affronted by hostile demonstrations at The Hague against the Swastika flag's appearance in the wedding decorations, by Holland's failure to hoist that flag at an international football match, and by the substitution of the Lippe-Detmold March for the German National Anthem as the Prince's "signature tune" in theatres and restaurants. German wrath went officially to the length of reprisals: the passports of the German princesses due to act as bridesmaids were confiscated, though they were subsequently allowed to proceed to Holland—with 6*s*. 6*d*. in their pockets. After the despatch of a formal Note from The Hague, pointing out that Prince Bernhard is now a naturalised Dutch subject, that only the Dutch anthem was being played at official ceremonies, and that there was no reason why the German flag should be officially flown at a wedding designed to be "a family event," the overt tension has been relaxed. Prince Bernhard has tactfully issued a statement in which he requests that his "signature tune" should no longer be played in his presence, lest misconceptions arise; and at a gala performance at The Hague a military band conductor led the orchestra in the Horst Wessel song—Dr. van Anrooy refusing to put his baton to such uses. Presumably Nazi honour is satisfied, but Holland is unlikely to forget this astonishing outburst of German hysteria. What is one to make of a dictatorship which foams at the mouth because a partisan tune, composed in honour of a deceased man (whose trade was that of a pimp when he was alive) and violently offensive to all liberal-minded persons is not played officially in the territory of a neighbouring democratic State?

Germany and the Balkans

There are indications that Germany is losing ground politically in South-Eastern Europe. In this connection recent signs of a rapprochement between Hungary and Jugoslavia are significant. The first hint of such a possibility was afforded when the Hungarian Regent, on his way to Rome in the middle of November, not only crossed Jugoslav territory but actually delivered a short speech in the Croat language on Jugoslav soil. Since the estrangement caused by the murder of King Alexander, such an event would have been considered unthinkable. Then in the middle of December, a new trade and payments treaty was signed between Hungary and Jugoslavia, and in South-Eastern Europe politics and economics go hand in hand. The smoothing-out of political creases between the two States will take time. For Hungary the determining factor is revisionism. Jugoslavia is tied to anti-revisionist Little Entente policy. Yet Dr. Stojadinovics, the Jugoslav Premier, has already achieved the remarkable feat of not only maintaining close co-operation with England and France, but of arriving at satisfactory compromises with Italy and Bulgaria. The conclusion of a Hungaro-Jugoslav accord would scarcely raise greater difficulties than those thus surmounted. It would be premature to conclude that Germany's assiduous wooing of the Balkan States is over or finally repulsed. Roumania, despite her acceptance of renewed French financial assistance, is too closely linked by her oil exports to Italy for her dissociation from the Fascist *bloc* to be readily accomplished; and both Hungary and Poland may be inclined to watch events cautiously with an eye to adhesion to the winning side. On the other hand, with trade revival in free exchange countries proceeding apace, the German market is less attractive than before to South-East Europe; the present Hungarian Government is much less inclined to listen to Nazi suasions than its predecessor; and Franco-Polish relations have been strengthened by fresh financial cement.

The Strike in General Motors

The strike which is spreading from one plant to another of the great General Motors Corporation has now become in effect a struggle for the recognition of the Automobile Workers' Union on the negotiating body representing all the scattered plants. The Corporation is at present answering that it refuses to accept the claims of any one Union to represent its employees—by which it really means that it is still struggling to keep the Company Unions alive. Mr. John L. Lewis has promised the strikers the full support of the Committee for Industrial Organisation, which means financial as well as organising help; and indeed Mr. Lewis is bound to do his utmost to win this strike, which is in effect a test case for the new industrial unionism over which he has broken with the A.F. of L. The General Motors Corporation has procured injunctions in Michigan against the strike organisers; but up to the present the authorities have not executed them, the Sheriff giving as his reason in one instance that "there were too many folks around." In other words, feeling is running high, and the State Government would sooner see a settlement than intervene on the Corporation's side. Nor has the Federal Government, believed to be more in sympathy with the strikers, yet thought it necessary to intervene.

M. Blum Strengthens His Hold

M. Blum delivered an impressive broadcast address to the nation last week-end, and his Budget got through the Senate at the last possible moment, despite the efforts of M. Caillaux and the group of Radical reactionaries which works with him ceaselessly to destroy the *Front Populaire*. It is true that the Budget shows a very large deficit, due mainly to the expenses of rearmament, and that the Tax Reform Bill will not get the Government out of its financial difficulties. It is concerned rather with readjustment in the interests of the smaller taxpayers and of small businesses than with increased revenue. It is also true that the Government had to make concessions on the Arbitration Bill in order to get it through the Senate before the adjournment. Nevertheless, despite troubles in the Senate, M. Blum's Government is strengthening its hold. As M. Blum said in his address, "recovery is now certain" in the economic sphere; demand has caught up supply, and there is everywhere active replenishment of stocks. The Socialist Prime Minister went on to assert strongly his loyalty to the *Front Populaire*. "We are not," he said, "a Socialist Government: neither directly nor by stealth do we seek to apply the Socialist programme. We are working with complete loyalty within the framework of . . . the present property system. . . . A Government of the *Front Populaire*, faithful to its origin and to its mandate, we claim to be in the highest sense of the term a National Government."

The Marketing Muddle

It seems now to be generally agreed that unless the Pigs Marketing Scheme is to be abandoned altogether there must be fresh legislation to get the existing tangle straightened out. As matters stand the marketing scheme is in abeyance, and there are no agreed prices or terms of contract for the coming twelve months. The difficulty has arisen directly out of the rise in the prices of feeding stuffs, which has made the terms of contract fixed by the Grigg arbitration unworkable, so that most of the pig producers have refused to enter into contracts with the curers so as to bind themselves for a year ahead. The Bacon Board, representing the curers, having failed to get an assurance of the supplies needed for economic working of the factories, has repudiated the contracts that had been signed—as, under the scheme, it is entitled to do. The pig industry has therefore reverted for the moment to individual bargaining. No agreement has been reached about the future. It is doubtful if any workable scheme can be devised without including pork as well as bacon pigs; and to this there is strong opposition. What seems clear is that this marketing scheme, like the others, suffers from the fatal defect of being a mere organisation for bargaining between rival vested interests with no provision for representing the consumer or for ensuring public control. Agricultural marketing will never be put on sound lines till the final control is vested in an impartial Commission, on the lines recommended in the recent report of the Milk Reorganisation Commission. Against this, however, the farmers are up in arms. We agree strongly with the letter from Professor Julian Huxley and others in Tuesday's *Times* that the public, which is vitally concerned, ought to make clear its support of the proposal to bring these various schemes under effective final control by disinterested representatives of the public.

The Transport Workers' Claims

It was inevitable that the Railway Staff National Tribunal should reject the claims put forward by the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, apart from the Unions representing the other grades of railway workers. The Locomotive Engineers demanded a six-hour day and a thirty-six hour week, increased rates for holiday, Sunday and night duty, and a week's annual holiday with pay. These concessions would have cost the railways nearly £10 millions a year, or about £50 millions if they had been extended to the other grades as well. The Engineers can hardly have expected that such a demand would be met. But perhaps they did not expect, either, that their claims would be entirely rejected. A week's holiday with pay, for example, would have cost under £400,000 a year, or perhaps £2 millions for all grades. It will not be surprising if the next step is a joint demand by the three Unions for this concession, accompanied by a less ambitious substitute for the Engineers' other claims. Meanwhile, the Committee of Inquiry into road transport wages is considering the claim of the Transport Workers' Union that the fair wage provisions already applicable to A and B licence-holders shall be extended to holders of C licences—that is to drivers employed not by road transport firms but by employers in other industries. This demand, reasonable as it undoubtedly is, has aroused the hostility of half the employers' associations in the country.

Britain's Battleroads

In our correspondence columns this week Mr. T. C. Foley of the Pedestrians' Association pleads eloquently for a 30 m.p.h. speed limit on radial and orbital roads on the fringes of large centres of population. With much of what he says we are in agreement. Thanks to ribbon-building, these roads are death-traps for all but the most wary and swift-footed pedestrian. The loss of child life on them is appalling. That such roads should have been constructed by the State for the very proper purpose of providing rapid communications for both private and commercial motor traffic, and then have been dangerously cluttered up by uncontrolled private enterprise, is a public scandal. We differ from Mr. Foley in being less convinced than he of the merits of a speed limit as a safeguard. Admittedly, many miles of unrestricted arterial roads—e.g. the Bath road from Kew Bridge westwards—now pass through intensively built-up areas in which the maintenance of high speed may constitute in practice extremely dangerous driving. But the statistical evidence in support of the general contention that a 30 m.p.h. limit automatically obviates accidents is not impressive. The truth is that wide roads, with traffic moving three abreast in either direction, are excessively dangerous for pedestrians (except at controlled crossings) even if no driver exceeds 30 m.p.h. Since multiplication of controlled crossings on radial roads would involve retrograde congestion and obstruction for traffic, there is a strong case for the provision of adequate numbers of overhead footbridges. Roads made safe for all reasonably careful users: this, and not arbitrary (and largely meaningless) limitation to supposedly "safe" speed should be the objective of road policy.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, **1d.**

MEDITERRANEAN DIPLOMACY

AFTER a fortnight of confusion and deception the nature of recent diplomatic moves is becoming clear. A few weeks ago it was known that England and Italy had reached an agreement about the Mediterranean and it was studiously put about from the Quai D'Orsay that some withdrawal of Italian intervention in Spain would follow upon this agreement. Official British circles were more cautious; they committed themselves to no forecast, though they too were hopeful of Italian withdrawal.

The Anglo-Italian agreement is now published. It amounts at first glance to little more than a general expression of good will between the two countries. It is understood that England and France will recognise the *de facto* and implicitly the *de jure* conquest of Abyssinia, and Mussolini, on his part, promises not to upset the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. The Balearic Islands, which are now effectively occupied by Italy, are mentioned as part of the territories whose "integrity" Italy undertakes to respect. But there is no hint that Mussolini will withdraw his occupation while there is still war in Spain, nor do we imagine that Britain has any effective guarantee that the Balearic Islands will not in fact fall under the control of Italy even if, as Mussolini intends, Franco is victorious. No sooner had the documents been published than the Rome newspapers, which are the official mouthpieces of the Italian Government, combined in chorus to inform us that the *status quo* in the Mediterranean involves the defeat of the Spanish Government by the rebels. So that there should be no doubt about it, it is now officially admitted that 6,500 Italians landed in Spain on December 22 and that 4,000 more were landed on January 1. Though these new despatches of Italian troops were known in the British and in other foreign offices when they occurred they were not known to the public. At the very moment that Sir Eric Drummond was signing the Italian agreement Italian troops were invading Spain with the knowledge of the British and French Governments.

The Anglo-Italian agreement, in fact, involved no understanding about non-intervention in Spain; it was signed with the knowledge that Italy was continuing to intervene. Nor is there any sign that the agreement drives a wedge, as some hoped, between Mussolini and Hitler. On the contrary Britain's signature to the pact is being interpreted in Berlin as a clever move whereby the Fascist Powers have allayed Britain's material anxieties and so secured a free hand for increased intervention for their "idealogical crusade" in Spain. As far as Spain goes, the two Fascist countries continue to make war in unison—perhaps we should say in rivalry. It may even be that the latest despatches of Italian troops were partly due to Mussolini's apprehension lest the German influence in Spain should become greater than Italy's. In any case, German pressure has increased; two Spanish merchantmen have been seized as a reprisal for the quite legal confiscation of contraband on the *Palos*, and everyone waits the next moves of the two dictators. It is significant that Count Ciano has this week informed American journalists in Rome that Fascism will not tolerate a Government victory in Spain.

What, then, did Britain gain from the Anglo-Italian agreement? From the imperial point of view, we understand that the unpublished Italian assurances were of some importance. As a sign of friendship we gather that Mussolini has agreed to cease his anti-British broadcasting propaganda in the Near East and has intimated that he is now willing to come into the London naval agreement which limited the size of British, French, and American guns and ships. Italy is also likely to adhere to the Montreux Treaty about shipping rights in the Dardanelles which she was unwilling to do before because sanctions were still nominally in force when the Treaty was concluded. It is also rumoured that Italy and Britain will exchange information about their rival air bases in Cyprus, Malta and the Dodecanese, and that Italy will support Egypt's application for membership of the League of Nations and will facilitate the fulfilment of the British treaty with Egypt by not raising difficulties about the resumption of Egyptian sovereign rights over Italian residents.

If this summary represents the approximate truth, the Anglo-Italian agreement has considerable diplomatic advantages. It will nevertheless be a blow to many people who have cherished the hope that Britain was actuated by benevolent intentions towards the popular cause in Spain. No one should have cherished such a hope. The confusion arose from exactly the same causes and in exactly the same way as it did during the Abyssinian dispute. The French Government is, as then, in a difficult position. It fears Germany far more than Italy and is willing to condone much that Mussolini does if it has a British guarantee against Germany. In the case of Abyssinia Britain occasionally took a strong line in public, and only in public. We were untroubled about the conquest of Abyssinia provided that British interests were secure. On that basis we sometimes publicly threatened Mussolini while we continued privately to negotiate with him on the basis that so long as British interests were left intact we should not seriously oppose his aggression. This was an easy situation for Mussolini to handle. In the same way, in this dispute the French are profoundly uneasy about German plans in Spain. The French public knows (what the British public is still largely ignorant of) that in some parts of Spain, now supposedly controlled by General Franco, German influence is in fact supreme. German is actually the most useful language to-day in parts of Spain, and Germans openly talk of Spain as a future German Protectorate.

It is this threat of permanent foreign influence in Spain that vitally affects the strategic position of France and Britain, and this threat which explains the French-British *démarche* to Germany and Italy. But, again, both Fascist dictators are well aware that British support will only be given to France in so far as it is necessary to secure British interests in the Mediterranean. Within those limits Germany and Italy believe that they can do what they like in Spain without fear of serious British opposition. The Spaniards are not wrong in believing that the British ruling class may dislike Franco but that it prefers his victory to the victory of the popular cause, and that the effect of British diplomacy is rather to facilitate than to hinder the crushing of the Spanish people and the establishment of the Fascist dictatorship in Spain.

THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

At the beginning of 1937 Great Britain is, by the standards of measurement accepted in the business world, a prosperous country. From the standpoint of bankers or of most business men the slump has been for a long time over, and the present situation is much more nearly one of boom. Share values in the stock markets have made a remarkable recovery; profits are good and increasing; bank deposits have been rising fast. Both the volume of production and the level of money incomes have gone up: demand is good, and even foreign trade is a great deal better than it was. British capitalism, say the majority of those writers and observers who express the business point of view, has demonstrated impressively its toughness and its soundness: it has brought this country through an unprecedentedly severe world depression with singularly little damage to its prosperity or to its essential economic institutions.

Undoubtedly, there is in all this a large measure of truth. The extent of British business recovery, unaided by such unorthodox expedients as were used in lifting the United States out of the depths, has been very remarkable. It has involved, or at any rate been accompanied by, two major changes in British economic policy—the suspension of the gold standard and the abandonment of free trade. The former has made possible the systematic pursuit of a policy of monetary expansion, which produced its maximum effect while a number of other countries were still following intensely deflationary courses. It enabled the supply of money to expand in response to domestic needs without adverse reactions upon the exporting industries; and it made Great Britain the centre of a sterling area within which trade was able to proceed largely unaffected by currency disturbances elsewhere. It provided, moreover, cheap capital at a time when a lowering of interest rates was capable of giving a powerful stimulus to production, especially in the building industry; and new building has been in fact the principal factor, directly and indirectly, in increasing the volume of employment. For the geographical redistribution of the people which accompanied the housing boom necessarily brought with it a host of other economic activities.

In comparison with the effects of leaving the gold standard those of abandoning free trade have been secondary. The Ottawa Agreements, and the special arrangements with the Scandinavian and Baltic countries and with the Argentine, have contributed towards the building up of the sterling area as a commercial as well as a financial unit. The Ottawa Agreements have, indeed, done much more to reserve the British market for Empire produce than to increase British exports to Empire countries, whereas the other trade agreements, on account of the full use of British bargaining strength and the lack of alternative markets for the goods of the countries concerned, have been more effective within a limited range in increasing the hold of British exports. The tariff and the quota arrangements connected with it have worked in with British monetary policy and helped it to become effective without resort to elaborate methods of exchange manipulation and control. But whereas monetary policy, without any tariffs or quotas at all, could have gone a long way, tariffs, without the abandonment of the gold standard, could have achieved practically nothing.

The British business recovery is thus mainly a demonstration of the successful use of monetary expansion as an instrument of economic policy. It is, of course, true that, in applying the policy of monetary expansion *plus* tariffs, we have reaped great temporary advantage in terms of prices from the fact that our principal suppliers were in far worse difficulties than we were, and were driven to compete hotly for the privilege of selling their goods in the British market. This advantage, which is now disappearing as the world prices of primary products recover, was of very great importance during the critical years; for it enabled sterling to fall in international value without a rise in the sterling cost of living. Real wages could thus rise, even when money wages were stationary or falling; and money released from the purchase of prime everyday needs could be applied to other uses.

But, though the business recovery has been remarkable and widespread, we know only too well that it has been far from complete. It has barely touched the terrible problem of the depressed areas, which have for the most part remained prostrate in face of large advances in the rest of the country. The building boom was bound in the nature of the case to aggravate rather than alleviate the difficulties of these areas; for who would build new houses in districts of low purchasing power and actually or prospectively declining population? Rearmament has, indeed, made some contribution towards improving the position of some of these areas—notably the Clyde and Tyne and, of course, Sheffield. But for the rest—the great coalfield districts and the Lancashire cotton area—it is still true that practically nothing has been done—or can be done without special measures designed to plant new industries in them to make up for the decline of the old.

It is clear that the continuance of depression in these distressed areas, though it has not been able to prevent a large measure of recovery elsewhere, exerts a continuously dragging effect on the whole British economy—quite apart from the problem of human justice and decent behaviour which it sets to the Government and to the whole people. Dire poverty even among a tenth of the people must set limits to the expansion of the home market and involve a huge waste of potential productive power. It must limit expansion in other areas, and make expansion where it occurs insecure. The building boom, for example, is already well past its peak as far as housing activity is concerned, though the decline in this field is masked by the advance in other kinds of building—largely affected by rearmament. What is to replace building employment when, as seems certain, housing activity seriously slumps? Further rearmament measures may produce some temporary effect; but this is bound to be economically unhealthy and precarious.

Internal recovery seems, in fact, to have reached a point beyond which it cannot proceed—and at which it cannot long remain—unless revival can be brought about in the depressed areas. In part, this might be achieved if there could be a really substantial revival of export trade. This, however, depends on a much more extensive removal of trade restrictions throughout the world than seems likely in the near future. Some relaxation there has been since France and the rest of the gold *bloc* went off the gold standard. But much more is needed; and, with Germany and Italy maintaining to the full their restrictive nationalist systems, there are narrow limits to what other countries can be expected to do. In especial, the German system of forcing exports by buying imports with cheap marks usable only for purchasing German goods has distorted the course of international trade, and caused other countries to accept the distortion as the starting point for their own trade policies.

Exports, in these circumstances, can at best expand but slowly. For Great Britain, this means two things. First, an increasing adverse balance of payments—for both internal recovery and, still more, the requirements of the rearmament programme involve largely increased imports. Secondly, the continuance of severe depression in the coalfields and the textile areas, which must depend largely on foreign trade for the activity of their existing industries.

On present indications, production and employment as a whole seem likely, in the immediate future, neither to advance nor to recede in any marked degree. Some improvement in foreign trade and some falling off in building are the most obvious changes in immediate prospect. But, over a rather larger period, recession looks very much more probable than further advance, unless the level of home activity is increased by effective measures to restore the purchasing power and the production of the distressed areas.

These areas therefore occupy, more than ever, a pivotal position. But their fundamental difficulties cannot be tackled without tackling at the same time the reorganisation of the

great industries on which they chiefly depend. Coal and cotton —until these have been effectively reorganised the residual problems of the depressed areas can be neither clearly seen nor effectively handled.

As for the increasing adverse balance of trade, which in certain quarters seems to be causing some alarm, we see no reason to worry about it. Great Britain can afford under present conditions a substantial adverse balance for some time to come; and it is important that she should incur it, for an increased willingness to purchase on the part of the better-off countries is likely to be the best method of stimulating international trade, and thereby bringing about in the longer run an increase in British exports. Moreover, if we did not buy abroad a large part of the materials and semi-manufactures required for rearmament, we should be in danger of wasting a great deal of capital by investing it in types of production required to meet what we must hope will be but a temporary demand. There is, indeed, the counter-consideration that our purchases of arms requisites may facilitate German rearmament by making it profitable for Germany to expand production of these goods further than it could be expanded without our market. This may become a ruling consideration in the future; but it is hardly that yet.

In sum, then, recovery in Great Britain has gone far, but has slowed down. It has left a deplorable state of misery untouched in the depressed areas; and the existence of these black spots is now setting limits to further advance, and actually threatening recession. The moral is that no further time should be lost. The Government should grapple boldly at once with the problems of South Wales, Lancashire, and the other black spots of Britain, and of the reorganisation of the basic industries on which they chiefly depend.

A LONDON DIARY

THAT history repeats itself is a truism, but it is not everywhere true. There is hardly any repetition in the history of England. But it is true of Spain, where for nearly 150 years the same concatenation of circumstances has at intervals produced the same kinds of events in the most remarkable way. A correspondent in the *Times* has already drawn attention to the similarity of the question of intervention in the Palmerstonian era with that which is agitating us to-day. But exactly the same thing happened in the '20's when the French Government intervened in the Spanish civil war of that time. And there is a still earlier and even more remarkable case. In 1808 Napoleon kidnapped the Prince of Asturias, recognised by the Spaniards as their king, Ferdinand VII, and put his brother Joseph on the throne. The Spanish people rose against Joseph. Napoleon thought it would be quite easy with his French army to impose a king upon Spain. He got involved in that country precisely in the same way as Hitler and Mussolini have become involved there to-day and he was faced with precisely the same difficulties of getting out again. Substitute our two Dictators for Napoleon, Franco for Joseph, and General Kleber and the Russians for Wellington and the English army, and you have history exactly repeated. Towards the end of 1808, Baron de Vincent, an emissary of the Austrian Emperor, had a conversation with Napoleon at Metz. It was as follows:

de Vincent: "Your Majesty, they view with regret in Vienna your enterprise in Spain."

Napoleon: "They cannot regret it more than I do myself; it is the greatest folly I have ever committed in my life."

de Vincent: "In that case, Sir, might one not say that the shortest follies are the best, and that it would be wise to give up this one."

Napoleon: "But how, my dear General? Let us consider it together and you give me your ideas how I can get myself out of the mess."

de Vincent: "Surely it cannot be so difficult to give up what is causing so much trouble both to your Majesty and to Europe."

Napoleon: "You talk lightly of it, but think of my position. I am a usurper; to reach the place I am now in, I had to have the best brain and the best sword in Europe. To keep myself where I am, I must have the whole world continue to believe this. I must maintain, not lower, the reputation of the brain and the reputation of the sword. I cannot face the world and say that I have been gravely mistaken and remain with a beaten army. Judge for yourself; is it possible?"

The conversation is given in Baron de Barante's *Souvenirs*. It must have been repeated almost verbatim during the last week or ten days, when as we are told, Hitler discussed the question of German intervention in Spain with those who take towards it the attitude of de Vincent, and are urging that the shortest follies are the best.

* * *

I rather doubt whether there could have been any opinion, belief, or taste that I shared with Lady Houston, but I feel that her death leaves us the poorer. In some capacity or other I was for a long time on the free list of the *Saturday Review*. For more than a year I always read it, and its merits as a comic paper lasted better than most. Then one day came surfeit, as is usually the case, and one felt it to be merely a bore. But there was a good deal to be said for Lady Houston herself as a writer and public character. She did for patriotism what Sir Frederick Banbury did for conservatism when he was in the Commons, and what Sir Oswald Mosley is doing for Fascism. It is an excellent thing to have a Conservative *pour rire* and a Fascist *pour rire*, and it is useful—considering what crimes are committed to-day in the name of patriotism—to have a patriot *pour rire*. Of the three figures in the *opéra bouffe* of public life Lady Houston's was the most sympathetic. Now that she is gone, only Mr. Garvin is left to fill her place. The simplicity—or perhaps crudity—of her political mind was both disarming and alarming. I am told that during the Royal marriage crisis she wrote a letter to Queen Mary suggesting that she (the Queen) should go to Cannes and fetch Mrs. Simpson back to stay with her in Marlborough House. With characteristic generosity, she added that she would pay all expenses both ways.

* * *

One of the two doctors who went to Berlin to see Ossietzky has told me something of his experiences. They were not allowed to see him. In fact, no one except his wife and his doctor has seen him since he was transferred from the West End (Police) Hospital to the sanatorium in the suburbs of Berlin which was chosen for him by his friends. When they asked to see Ossietzky, the doctor said that he would find out whether Ossietzky wished to speak with them. He came back after five minutes, and said that Ossietzky would only see them if they got leave from the Gestapo to visit him. They went off to the Gestapo, the inside of which is rather like the stage of a bad Wagnerian opera, full of men in black overcoats, black top-boots, and trench helmets. They were shown into a room ominously inscribed KRIM-KOMMISS. The interview began with an unsuccessful attempt to pick holes in their passports; it ended with a statement that they must leave Berlin as quickly as possible. Their impression was that Ossietzky is well looked after in the sanatorium; there has apparently been some recrudescence of the tuberculosis lately, but his doctor said that he was improving. There is some reason for believing that the attitude in Germany towards foreign opinion has altered very much in the last two years and some people fear that protests about individual cases harden the hearts of the Gestapo, if that is possible. Clearly our protests should be directed against the whole uncivilised treatment of political prisoners in Germany. But without agitation about individual cases the British public allows itself to forget all about the horrors of German concentration camps.

* * *

A school-girl who is at the top of one of the big, progressive co-educational schools gave me her experiences of self-government in schools from the inside. In her school the rules which are to regulate the day-to-day life of the community, discipline, and the code of manners are largely left to the control of the boys and girls themselves. The organs of government are a legislature, which makes the general rules, the School Council; an Executive, the prefects; and

kind of Cabinet, the Prefects' Meeting. All the problems of government which confront us in the larger world seem to have made their appearance in this microcosm, e.g., demarcation of powers, the encroachments of the executive, crime and punishment. I got the impression that the children had solved them rather more successfully than the adults. My informant, who had had considerable responsibility, as head of the school, for maintaining discipline during the last year, had become a convinced believer in the inefficacy of punishment. Remembering my own school and the existence in it of one or two anti-social and apparently malignant little barbarians, who were usually beaten by masters and boys into some spasmodic obedience to rules and codes, I asked her whether these pests did not occasionally appear in modern schools, and, if so, how they dealt with them. At first she said that they had never had anyone quite like that in her school, but eventually she did remember two cases, one a boy and the other a girl, of "utter nuisances." But even with them she denied that punishment really did any good at all; one of them had "become much better" by being talked to and the other, happily, had been taken away on medical advice to be sent to a smaller school. I got the impression that the young are infinitely more sensible, more humane, and more civilised than we were at their age.

* * *

Some business took me the other day to the British Museum. On the way out I lingered for a moment and lifted a cover or two from the glass cases in the manuscript room. It is always interesting to see how Milton, Keats, or Wordsworth mended their faulty phrases. But what impressed me on this occasion was not the genius of the poets, but their handwriting. Each hand was not only full of character, as one might expect, but it was also beautiful to look at: the page was a work of art. And yet many of the pages in this case were chance scraps—letters written presumably, as we write them, to catch the post. There was no self-consciousness about them; they were not written with an eye to posterity gazing at them in glass cases, for when they were written, glass cases and museums were not in existence. The writers had taken pains, if indeed they took pains at all, only for a friend or a printer. Yet if one compared them with the letters which we now write and receive daily, it was impossible not to conclude that handwriting has changed considerably for the worse. We are satisfied to-day if we write a letter legible enough to be deciphered, and some of my friends do not worry even about legibility. Not once in twelve months do we pause, as we open a letter, to admire the beauty of the handwriting. The obvious explanation—that neither we nor our correspondents are Keats, Lamb or Shelley—is not enough. The most obscure writers—writers whose private letters still lie in the family archives—are as clear, often as artistically satisfactory as the great. If we excuse ourselves by saying that we write in haste, we must remember that the typewriter takes a great deal of work off our pens and that our letters are shorter; besides, it is easier to put off writing that letter to the last moment when there is only one post out a week than when there are five in a day. Further, and even more difficult to account for, is the fact that twentieth-century handwriting seems to have no common character. Each of us pursues his own method, to write slanting forwards or backwards or upright or large or small, as his fancy moves him. In the age of the machine-made-man one would have expected the opposite.

* * *

Here is a pleasant example of Cockney wit overheard the other day in a London tram. A small boy handed the conductor an all-day ticket which was so riddled with holes that it was difficult to find a spot to punch it. However, the conductor managed to clip one corner of it, and, as he handed it back to the boy, said: "When you get home you'd better put that on the pianola, sonny, it'll play 'Little Man You've Had a Busy Day.'"

HYPOCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Arthur Lowrie.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Sir,—I have seen a number of names suggested for our new princess, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Mary, Marina, Helen, Alice have been suggested. In my opinion, none of these sufficiently marks the extraordinary miracle of a royal birth in a time of great national stress.—Letter in *Observer*.

"Hunting is really kindness to the fox," said Major V. D. Williams, chairman of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, in a lecture on fox-hunting in London yesterday. "Instead of being the scum of the earth—as low in the opinion of man as a rat—he has become almost a king, respected by nearly everyone," Major Williams added.—*Daily Herald*.

The proposal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews to limit the number of clubs a player may carry to fourteen is having a mixed reception. In some quarters there is a feeling that the regulation is a blow to the principle of the liberty of the subject.—*Daily Telegraph*.

When a detective stated at North London police court yesterday that the officer concerned in a case was "down with 'flu" the Magistrate, Mr. Bernard Campion, asked "Down with 'flu'? Who is she?"

The detective: "He is down with influenza, your Worship."

Mr. Campion: "Oh! I thought you meant he was with some girl. Use proper language. I am not accustomed to being addressed like that. You mean that the officer is on the sick list with influenza."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Many of the revellers wore either grotesque fancy dress or sported huge false noses. Time was when we could keep festival with dignity and prettiness. Since we seem to have forgotten how, we had best leave this sort of thing to more sophisticated foreigners.—Gossip of London, *South Wales Echo*.

Your readers, if curious about figures, besides all schoolboys, will have observed that the year now just passing behind us had an even figure for its square root, and if not too fantastic in the application this fact may have contributed to the balanced judgment and self-control which the nation has exhibited in its recent testing time. When we discover that eighty-nine years must elapse before the next square root without decimal points will occur, it is well to hug the fact of 1936, and to hope that its reflections may for long exercise their useful influence, even though they may be fancifully attributed to the arithmetical calculation.—Letter in *Surrey Advertiser*.

In the Whitehorse Manor Ward alone no fewer than twenty-eight trees were broken down in the early hours of Boxing Day . . . The persons responsible are believed to be hooligans.—*Croydon Times*.

One of the root causes of road accidents to children has been found by the Ministry of Transport and the Board of Education to be due to the natural characteristics of childhood—impulsiveness, thoughtlessness, lack of self-control, and inexperience. From this discovery will develop an intensification of efforts to inculcate road safety measures in the minds of children.—*Daily Herald*.

Out of our sad crisis came some real good. The Continent was much impressed, and realised once more that we are not as other people.—Collinson Owen in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

"Where the Rainbow Ends" Is the Most Beautiful Play in the Whole World.—The Bishop of London.

What film star ever screened can register the emotional expression of a dog which, ears cocked, head a little to one side and tail slowly moving, awaits his master's pleasure, content to do his bidding whatever it may be?—*Wallasey News*.

For light relief he lunches occasionally at the Athenaeum, but his heart is in the Church.—*Sunday Times*.

A CHINESE POPULAR FRONT?

FOR a few days whilst Chiang Kai Shek, Generalissimo and virtual dictator of China, was held prisoner in Sianfu by mutineers in his own army, there were people who believed that some kind of a "Popular Front" might be formed against Japan. It was true that others thought that Chang Hsueh-Liang was only out for a ransom. But what of his 100,000 Manchurian Chinese troops who were deeply disaffected at having been sent to suppress Chinese Communists in Shensi instead of to fight the Japanese in Suiyan? Could they be pacified and made loyal by a money payment or was there any reality in the tales concerning their fraternisation with the Communists? Although the fact that news of this fraternisation was allowed to appear in the Chinese press indicated that it was not very serious, these soldiers, driven from their homes in Manchuria by the Japanese, must feel that war on Japan is the task of the moment. They are mercenaries, but they may also be patriots.

The immediate outcome of Sianfu leaves these questions still unanswered. Chiang Kai Shek has been released, Chang Hsueh-Liang has followed him to Nanking and has apologised for his ungentlemanly conduct. Chiang Kai Shek has personally interceded to have him pardoned. Is this peaceful and courteous outcome the result of a large money payment by the Generalissimo? If so, it seems strange that the kidnapper should have risked his head in Nanking where the canons of Chinese etiquette would not have precluded his being poisoned or otherwise disposed of by Chiang Kai Shek. The suggestion has been made that the latter arranged his own capture in order to demonstrate to the Japanese how impossible it is for him to concede their demands. This suggestion appears a bit too fantastic even for China, but is perhaps as likely to be believed as the contrary one that Chiang Hsueh-Liang was in Japanese pay, and that the Sianfu comedy was staged to show the world how unstable Chiang Kai Shek's Government is, and how dangerous the threat of Communism in China.

Is there a possibility that even if no agreement for a United Front in China against Japan was come to between the kidnapped and the kidnappers, events are moving in this direction? There is a growing demand all over China amongst all classes for national unity against Japan, and although it is hard to believe that Chiang Kai Shek, who has long been among the most violent of anti-Communists, will agree to join forces with the Chinese Soviets at any price whatsoever, it is clear that he is between the devil and the deep sea. If he resists Japan he must join forces with the Chinese Soviet armies; if he does not resist he must either become a Japanese puppet like the Emperor of Manchukuo or be swept away by the fury of his own people.

Whatever the outcome of the "Sianfu incident," whether it is of importance or not, there is little doubt that Japan concluded her alliance with Germany with precisely such an event as a United Chinese Front in view. The situation in China which makes such an event a possibility, if not a probability, is briefly as follows.

The strength of the popular movement to resist Japan at any risk and to cease from internal warfare has already been noted. The liquidation of the differences between Nanking and Canton has already removed one big obstacle to a United Front. It is generally believed that if, at long last, China resists Japan she will take her stand in the West. For whereas on the seaboard China would stand little chance, in the interior a long-drawn-out war could be fought in which Japan would suffer all the disadvantages of length of communications, and of an extended, shifting and indefinite front. If pitched battles were avoided by the Chinese and guerilla tactics adopted—in which tactics the Chinese Communist armies and peasant "partisans" would be adepts—Japanese national economy might be expected to break under the strain of prolonged and expensive military operations.

If then, war between Japan and China were fought in the North-West where the Chinese and Japanese-Manchukuo armies already confront each other in Suiyan, would it be possible for even Chiang Kai Shek to avoid joining hands with the Chinese Soviet armies which now occupy a more or less compact area in the provinces adjoining Inner Mongolia on the South and West? The Japanese already have their outposts in Inner Mongolia. The Chinese Soviets, according to an old-fashioned custom rarely followed in the modern world, "declared" war on Japan as early as 1932. The "Red" armies are now united under one central command for the first time since the historic retreat from Central China began in 1927.

What is of the utmost importance in the present situation is the line taken by the Chinese Soviets themselves. Faced with the overwhelming danger of a Japanese conquest of all China, they issued a manifesto to the Kuomintang last August calling for a united front against Japan. In order to make co-operation really possible, they have offered to make the most fundamental and far-reaching concessions. According to the *China Weekly Review* correspondent, Edgar Snow, who, last November, returned from the unique experience of a four-months' sojourn in Soviet China, the Chinese Communists have made the following offer to Nanking:

> We will support a parliamentary form of representative government, an anti-Japanese Salvation Government, a government which protects and supports all popular patriotic groups. If such a republic is established the Chinese Soviets will become a part of it. *We will realise in our areas the same measures for a democratic parliamentary form of government as are realised in the rest of China.**

Asked by Edgar Snow whether this means that the laws of such a Government would also apply in the Soviet districts, Mao Tse-Tung, Chairman of the Chinese Soviets, replied in the affirmative. Asked further whether it means that the present laws of the Soviets, especially on the land question, will be nullified, he replied: "If and when the formation of a united front with Nanking is realised that problem can easily be settled."

The Chinese Soviet leader further stressed the importance of restoring Sun Yat Sen's three fundamental principles: alliance with the U.S.S.R. and other countries which treat China as an equal; union with the Chinese Communist Party; fundamental protection of the interests of the Chinese working classes. He naturally, therefore, still insists that the anti-Japanese movement can only be effective if realised simultaneously with the liberation of the oppressed peasantry. He argues that since an agrarian revolution is beneficial to the development of capitalism the land question should not prove an insuperable obstacle to a united front in China.

The determining factor may be the attitude of the Shanghai bankers who finance the Nanking Government. Have they learnt the lesson of the past decade? Do they to-day feel that the Japanese are so insatiable that even an alliance with the Chinese Communists is preferable to knuckling under to Nippon? This may be the crucial question. Obviously a war against Japan can only be successful if the whole Chinese people are united against foreign oppression as they were from 1925 to 1927. Has a point been reached, now that Japan is almost in control of North China, at which the Chinese bankers, Chiang Kai Shek, and the dominant Right Wing of the Kuomintang, feel it may be preferable to give land to the peasants and make peace with Soviet China, rather than lose everything to the Japanese? Is some kind of democratic form of Government possible instead of the present semi-military dictatorship of Chiang Kai Shek? The Communists, with rare political sagacity, are making the choice for the Kuomintang as easy as possible by the concessions they are prepared to make. These concessions are not only political and economic but also "face saving" for the Kuomintang. Thus, for instance, again on the authority of Edgar Snow, various Chinese Soviet officials have spoken of the probability of the Chinese Soviet Government agreeing to change its name as well as that of the Red Army. Already the inscription on the

* *China Weekly Review* of November 21st, 1936.

latter's banners has been changed from "Workers and Peasants Red Army" to "Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Vanguard Red Army." The possibility has been mooted of changing the name of the Soviet regions to "Experimental Area" or "Special Administrative Districts."

The Japanese press speaks nervously of the possibility of a "Popular Front" in China and of China's 785 American planes. On November 10th Nanking, for the eighth time, rejected Japan's proposals for a joint war on Communism and the formal recognition of a Japanese "sphere of influence" in North China. The failure of the negotiations with the Chinese Government and the successful armed resistance offered to the "Manchukuo" troops which attacked Eastern Suiyan on November 15th, were real blows to Japanese policy and expectations.

If war comes and the battlefield is North-West China, then Japan will be able, with some faint show of reason, to raise the anti-Communist banner unfurled in Berlin. For not only must armed resistance to Japan sooner or later mean co-operation between Nanking and the Chinese Soviet armies, but the nearest neighbour will be the U.S.S.R., which has declared that she will defend the integrity of the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia. One has only to look at the map to see that if Japan presses the Chinese armies inland there must come a point where the border of Outer Mongolia is reached or, in any case, since the nomads of Inner and Outer Mongolia are one people, how can war in Inner Mongolia fail to involve Outer Mongolia? If the U.S.S.R. is involved then Germany will come to the rescue of her Japanese ally. Thus the German-Japanese alliance to "combat Communism" is well thought out and was proclaimed in view of certain definite possibilities. For Japan war on Communism is a cloak for an attempt to crush Chinese Nationalism. Japan, not Germany, is indeed the original inventor of this convenient excuse for expansionist designs. She has been using it for a decade and hopes now by means of it to keep Britain and the U.S.A. from rendering any assistance to China in the war she is contemplating for the complete conquest of that country.

If Abyssinia could be conquered by Italy, and the Spanish democratic Government left unarmed to fight against Italian and German shells and bombs because British Conservatives put their class community of interests with Italian, Spanish and German Fascists before their imperial interests, is it to be expected that Britain will interfere in distant China if Japan can make out a good case to show that she is "fighting Bolshevism"? The fact that Japanese hegemony in China means not only the destruction of the value of very large British investments there, but also a threat to Malaya, Borneo, Australia and India, cannot be expected to affect Britain any more than her Mediterranean interests have done. In any case the victory of Italian and German Fascism in Spain may be expected to immobilise the British fleet in Western waters. Japan has taken advantage of the European situation at each stage of her conquest of China. Events in the Far East now wait upon the outcome of the Spanish conflict.

FREDA UTLEY

SADISM IN THE NURSERY

A RESEARCH Professor has been lecturing on Lewis Carroll to the American Psycho-Analytic Association. It is difficult to say whether the lecture was intended to be a leg-pull or not. There is so much written and spoken nowadays that looks like leg-pulling and yet turns out to be meant quite seriously. All I know is that the correspondent of a London newspaper took the lecture at its face-value and sent a column report of it to his editor. I do not mean to say that he took the lecture seriously himself, but that he obviously thought that the lecturer seriously meant what he said.

I confess I doubted this before I had finished the first paragraph. The statement that Lewis Carroll suffered from "preponderant oral sadistic tendencies of a cannibalistic character" sounds, I admit, scientific, but it also sounds like a parody of a scientific pronouncement. If I had not read so many scientific pronouncements that sounded like parodies, I should not hesitate for a moment in placing the Professor among the parodists. I feel fairly sure, however, that, whether he was pulling the legs of his audience or not, many members of it left the hall at the end observing to each other that the lecture gave one furiously to think. They had been told, for example, that all Alice's adventures were an "expression of enormous anxiety" on Lewis Carroll's part. These anxieties often seemed to refer back to severe deprivations in eating and drinking. "Alice does not get anything to eat at the mad tea-party."

That seems convincing enough, does it not? A writer invents a child who gets nothing to eat at a party: therefore he has inherited from his own childhood an anxiety neurosis about food. We can explain nearly everything, in these days, and that sounds as rational an explanation as most. I have never read a life of Lewis Carroll, so that I do not know whether he was maltreated by his parents, but we may deduce from the story of the mad tea-party that he was underfed in the nursery, especially since, on various grounds, the Professor suspects that "Lewis Carroll never got the full love of his parents."

It is certainly a loveless world that we find depicted in *Alice*—a queer world, as the Professor says, "without real love, in which kings and queens are either absurd or cruel or both." Cruelty is a recurrent theme throughout the stories. "For instances of cruelty he cited the Queen of Hearts, who wants to chop off everybody's head. There is a serious discussion whether one can cut off the head of a Cheshire cat when the head appears without a body." And he concluded: "We may surely ask whether such literature might not increase the destructive attitude of children beyond the measure which is desirable." He himself commended *Mother Goose* as a better book for the young on the ground that it contains "much less of the element of destructiveness."

On this point, I may say, I cannot agree with him. Has he not heard of the various efforts made by humanitarians in recent years to get *Mother Goose* bowdlerised of all its cruelties and zoophobias so as to make it fit to be placed in the hands of a modern child? I venture to say that there is more cruelty to the page in *Mother Goose* than in a biography of Henry VIII. What kind of sadistic monster, one wonders, can it have been who wrote "Sing a Song of Sixpence," with its heartless closing verse:

> The maid was in the garden
> Hanging out the clothes,
> Down came a blackbird
> And pecked off her nose.

Whence came this mad craving for the personal disfigurement of a fellow-creature? Can it be that in early childhood the author had been ill-treated by a housemaid when his mother was not looking and had grown up harbouring thoughts of revenge, never to be expressed till he had acquired the art of verse? For my part, I do not see why the evil passions of a thwarted child should be palliated and propagated in the nursery.

Equally cruel is the quatrain in which children are accustomed to reproach each other for telling tales. Custom enables us to gloat over much of the cruelty in these nursery rhymes; but, read in cold blood, what could exceed the horror of:

> Tell tale, tit!
> Your tongue shall be slit,
> And all the dogs in the town
> Shall have a little bit.

Better surely to teach little children to gloat over the tortures of the Star Chamber or the story of the death of Jezebel than to encourage them in such an orgy of revenge on a brother or sister who has merely told the truth about a raid on the larder. Even the Grand Guignol has never dared to stage

such a scene as is represented in this seemingly cheerful and harmless nursery rhyme.

Children, of course, are notoriously cruel. Not the children we know, perhaps, but the children we hear about. Even this cruelty, however, most of us have explained away as being not cruel, but merely experimental, in intention. I have heard of a boy placing a star-ypointing pin on a seat on which another boy would sooner or later sit down; and I have always excused him on the ground that he did not want to hurt the other boy but merely to observe how the other boy would react to an unexpected sting from an up-turned pin. The more profoundly I study nursery rhymes, however, the more convinced I become that children have an extremely hearty appetite for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. To them it is a laughing matter that the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl were drowned. They are not moved to sympathy but to mirth when they read that the man in the moon who came tumbling down and asked his way to Norwich—

> Went by the south,
> And burnt his mouth.
> With supping cold pease-porridge.

Children's enjoyment of this rhyme may be defended on the ground that it is enjoyment of nonsense, but to me it seems that it is the phrase, "burnt his mouth," that creates most pleasure in the nursling's breast.

Simple delight in the misfortunes of others, whether human or of the dumb creation—this seems to be the dominant note in nursery poetry. Simple Simon becomes a laughing-stock because he has not a penny with which to buy a coveted pie. The story of Tom, the piper's son who stole a pig, is popular chiefly because it ends with an account of the sufferings of Tom:

> The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
> And Tom went roaring down the street.

As for the little man who had a little gun, has not all the sadism of the addicts of blood-sports gone to his making? If he had not deprived the duck of its life would he ever have been an object of admiration in the nursery? Even Doctor Foster, probably a clergyman, is not spared the ribald laughter of the young. The fact that on his way to Gloucester he "stepped in a puddle right up to his middle," must have been a cause of intense distress and humiliation to him; but children do not mind that; they merely thank their stars that they have been born into a world in which such things happen.

I do not wish to suggest that children are entirely absorbed in thoughts of cruelty; but I do contend that pleasure in the misfortunes both of human beings and animals plays a disproportionate part in their imaginative life. They are glad that the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe whipped her unfortunate children. They are glad that the farmer's wife cut off the tails of the three blind mice with her carving-knife. They are glad that Mother Hubbard's dog was disappointed of his bone. They are glad that Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after. They are glad that the old man who would not say his prayers was taken by the left leg and thrown down the stairs.

The story of the old woman with the crooked sixpence who bought the pig that would not go over the stile is one long accumulation of horrors, even if the horrors are finally averted:

> The cat began to kill the rat;
> The rat began to gnaw the rope;
> The rope began to hang the butcher;
> The butcher began to kill the ox . . .
> The stick began to beat the dog;
> The dog began to bite the pig. . . .

What images to conjure up in the mind of a child! Surely, even Lewis Carroll in his most cannibalistic moments never approached the sadistic exuberance of Mother Goose. Mother Goose has all the worst characteristics of Lewis Carroll, except, perhaps, schizophrenia. I trust the American Professor will turn his attention to her, and after turning it, will turn the far too fascinating old witch out of every progressive nursery.

Y. Y.

EVACUATING "BRITISH SUBJECTS"

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN MADRID]

The British diplomatic service confronted by the unspeakable is always an instructive sight. Before the departure to Valencia the British Embassy in Madrid became known as Eton, because you could not get into it, just as the American was called Sing-Sing because you could not get out. Alas, attempting an Eton, the unhappy British were haunted by suspicions that they were being driven to run a Narkover.

The school atmosphere was complete. The schoolmasters lived in retirement upstairs and appeared downstairs as seldom as possible. All the carpets were turned upside down for fear of dirty footprints, and the chairs were covered with dust-jackets. But the majority of pupils had not indeed been trained to public school life. They were Spaniards, unable to speak English, Gibraltese and such, who had somehow managed to get under the protection of the British flag. They were dreadfully afraid of the Spanish authorities, in fact almost permanently in a green, teeth-chattering state. At large in Madrid, they would at once have been regarded as suspicious characters. They cluttered up the reception hall, where on either side life-size oil paintings of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, George V and Queen Mary, surveyed the scene with rather the same air of distaste as that of the attachés who occasionally looked down from an upper landing, or ran quickly across the hall on their way somewhere else, hoping they would get by without being stopped.

The rules were set out on the notice-board: one must be in by six o'clock, one must not use the telephone, and there was a time-table for baths—this was wasted on the Spaniards, but was much appreciated by the journalists, for the only hot baths in Madrid were at the Embassy. Meals were in the refectory, and strong reprimands were administered to those who were a few minutes late. There was an early supper for the little ones, and a dormitory for boys and one for girls. The sexes were strictly segregated. One elderly Spaniard snored and a Cockney photographer caused a small international incident by throwing a boot at him. In the evening Mr. Forbes, the lonely housemaster, sometimes soothed himself by solitarily playing the bagpipes in the corridors.

But there was always somebody bothering. Frantic mothers telegraphing about their erring, though undeniably British, sons who had joined the militia, or had lost their passports; hare-brained aviators rushing in with unexploded shells and bombs to show by their marks that they were made in Germany or Italy. "Really such incidents have put us off helping people," remarked an attaché. The Spaniards were always clamouring to be evacuated. "It is very odd." said the secretary, "however many we evacuate, sixty and seventy at a time, there are always just as many British subjects left here as before, and far more than we ever had registered before the civil war." An old blind Spaniard was led in, and asked to be evacuated *with* his grand piano!

We went there to try to persuade them to evacuate a boy who was in a Spanish hospital with a septic wound, getting worse and worse for lack of proper treatment. He was just able to travel if there was someone to look after him. It took three days of appealing to medical and diplomatic authorities, sometimes on humanitarian grounds, sometimes to professional pride (for instance in abusing the incompetence of Spanish nursing), and sometimes to snobbishness, assuring them that the boy, though indubitably rash, came from the right kind of family who would be able and willing to defray all expenses incurred. One official whose good-will was necessary was a very sentimental English lady, so I tried to arouse her maternal instinct, but it seemed to be all taken up by a little dog who was going to be "put to sleep" that day because she couldn't take him with her.

At last we mounted a spiral staircase in the chancery and penetrated to an important personage. He had a big desk with

heavy brass inkstands on it (which I specially remember because I wanted to throw one at him) and he paced up and down behind this barricade. He was immaculately dressed, with very pink and freshly-shaven cheeks and a sandy moustache. We tried to keep up the necessary accent and manner; it was rather a strain. I do not know who was the more ill at ease. He was evidently at a loss to understand how so many of his legal countrymen could behave in such an un-English way, and get themselves into such unorthodox jams. The existence of people like this had never been noticed by him before and he could still hardly realise or admit it. We pressed the business, "It is a matter of life and death to get this boy out," I said. Irritably, he said, "Of course in joining the militia he has forfeited all his rights as a British subject and so on. . . . you know that. Still, I suppose," he added in a bewildered way, "one must be human." We got our way. With the worst grace in the world they took our friend out and he is now on the way to recovery.

ENLIGHTENMENT, GROWTH OF

(*On the rumoured loan to Italy.*)

ISCARIOT the Lord betrayed,
Then wasted all the wages paid:
Wiser to-day, he would have lent
To Caiaphas at six per cent.

(He would have lost it just the same;
But it's the *spirit* of the game.)

F. L. LUCAS

Correspondence

RAW MATERIALS AND WAR

SIR,—David Garnett's letter in your last issue is significant as expressing the attitude of a great number of democratically minded persons in this country. For the last six months, Mr. Garnett, in company with the majority of your correspondents, has been lamenting over "the rival dangers of Fascism and Communism." In fact, the words "Fascism and Communism" have lately appeared in conjunction so many times in the pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that the repetition is becoming tedious.

Now, while Cyril Connolly was chatting in Barcelona, Frank Pitcairn, the Communist correspondent, was getting his information by fighting with the Militia on the Madrid front. It was the Communist International that sent the International Brigade that hurled back Franco and his foreign mercenaries during that grim week-end when they were already in the Madrid suburbs, while the rest of us despaired, and the *Evening News* was already screaming of "the last days of Red Madrid." It was the Young Communist League that organised the recent collection of food and money for the Spanish food ship. Hardly a night passes, in the London area, at any rate, without some meeting organised by the local Communist Party branches, at which collections of food, clothes and money are made for Spain. "Give until it hurts," appears to be the Communist Party slogan: and I have always seen it meet with an amazing response at meetings where the majority of the audience are obviously very poor indeed, and need every penny they have for their own food and clothing. Every week the *Daily Worker* publishes names of some more of the British Communist Party who have been killed in the defence of Madrid. And every week more members of the British Communist Party go to take their places.

Against their sacrifices, what has David Garnett to offer in the defence of democracy? The substitution of a bottle of burgundy for his customary hock. Can it be a matter for wonder that people of Left views, who, like myself, do *not* belong to the Communist Party, are coming more and more to regard that party as their one hope if effective action is to be taken to defend democracy?

ENID O. WELSDON

Westfield College,
Kidderpore Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

SIR,—It is apparently Mr. David Garnett's contention that by boycotting German goods we can show Germany our repugnance to her policy of aggressive militarism and can materially weaken her economic position. By doing so, however, we shall bring further ruination and privation to the hapless German people, who will thereby feel more than ever that they are surrounded by implacable enemies. To relieve the political tension in Europe by exacerbating that paranoic temper from which Nazi-ism draws its strength, is a strange way of casting out evil.

We should not let a detestation of Nazi-ism lead us to a hatred of the German people, and we should do everything in our power to help them. A prosperous well-fed Germany, even under the spell of Fascism, is far less likely to make war than a desperate driven nation which sees in its despair and misery only the reflected hatred of its enemies.

Rather than ruining the German nation, let us make one last effort to offer them economic appeasement and a discussion of their grievances if they will abide by the canons of international law.

A. J. BLAKE

16 Frith Road,
Hove, Sussex.

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett put forward some very practical suggestions for combating the Fascist States—may I add to them?

Two of the chief means of obtaining foreign exchange used by Germany and Italy are passenger-carrying ships and the tourist trades. There are few places in this world that one cannot go to except by a German or Italian ship; usually there is a choice of the ships of several countries. A boycott of Fascist shipping lines will have the additional effect of retarding the building of large, fast (and expensive) liners, which make very good commerce destroyers in war time. Democrats might point this out to their friends in the Dominions, especially South Africa, where both German and Italian lines hope to profit from the large numbers of people coming home for the Coronation.

Similarly it is suggested that holidays in Scandinavia, Czechoslovakia, France and the Low Countries will be just as interesting and amusing as any spent in Italy or Germany, and holiday-makers will find the atmosphere in the democratic states far less forced than elsewhere.

RUPERT FRICKER

68 Palace Gardens Terrace,
Kensington, W.8.

THE BATTLEROADS OF BRITAIN

SIR,—The threats of parents to keep their children from school until the speed limit is applied to West Way, Shepherd's Bush, has drawn public attention to a widespread sense of grievance with the present policy of the Minister of Transport in derestricting roads in built-up areas.

Since the speed limit was introduced on March 18th, 1935, a good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed in the press by motorists at the fact that the limit had been retained on a number of street-lit roads not strictly in built-up areas. Many of such roads have since been derestricted. But not so much has been heard of the grievances of local authorities, who complain that the process of derestriction has been applied so as to deprive of the limit roads in built-up areas which it was the intention of Parliament should be so protected. This discontent arises because it appears to be the policy of the Minister to derestrict, as far as possible, radial roads from large centres of population and orbital roads linking such radial roads.

This policy has caused a good deal of heart-burning in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff and other large centres of population. The view of the local authorities is that the speed limit gives residents a greater sense of security. In smost cases until the Minister compelled the roads to be derestricted accidents markedly declined while the limit was in operation. The Minister did, in some cases, say, that if accidents increased he was prepared to review the situation after a given period. In Leeds, for example, six roads were derestricted, accidents doubled and the speed limit has been re-applied.

The Minister, therefore, appears to have fixed a secret datum line, and if the quota of victims is exceeded the limit comes into force!

Local authorities through whose areas derestricted roads run have appealed again and again in vain to the Minister to impose the limit in view of the high accident rate on such roads. On December 4th a deputation, organised by the Pedestrians' Association, with representatives of eleven local authorities and six resi-

dents' associations, submitted a case to the Minister for the limit, and some startling figures were put forward of accidents; for example, the Mayor of Ilford pointed out that on the Ilford section of Eastern Avenue, four miles in length, from May, 1935, to September, 1936, there were ten fatal accidents and 512 others, involving damage to persons or property.

A long section of this road is built up on both sides like a street and, at the moment, a large council school is being erected on the frontage. On a four-mile section of the Sutton by-pass road, from July, 1935, to September, 1936, there were seven persons killed and 128 injured, while on the Western Avenue six were killed and 337 injured during the same period. On some sections of these roads, such as the Willesden section of the North Circular Road, there are playing fields which are not used as fully as they might be, because children have to cross the road to get to them and parents refuse to allow their children to take the risk.

Some of these roads have complicated and confusing junctions such as the misnamed Purley by-pass road, which largely consists of an old road running through an old built-up area. Others have shopping centres where women with perambulators may be seen crossing the road under conditions of anxiety and peril.

It was a recommendation of the Inter-departmental Committee on Road Safety among school children that when the fixing of speed limits is under consideration the proximity of a school should be taken into account.

This recommendation was officially adopted by the Minister of Transport in a circular to local authorities, and yet the Minister himself is refusing to apply the limit to roads which have large schools with exits on them. The Merton Spur Road, for example, has two large schools on its frontage, and children from four schools altogether have to cross the road.

What is the justification of the Minister for this policy, which appears so strangely inconsistent with his repeatedly expressed desire to do all he can to reduce the number of accidents? The first is that there was some kind of understanding with the House of Commons that arterial roads should be exempted from the limit. If that is the case it was a secret understanding with the motoring interests, because it was not disclosed in the debates during the passage of the Bill through the House, and no reference to arterial roads appears in the Act.

It has also been argued that the new arterial roads are constructed for speed. But a large number of the roads in the London traffic area that have been derestricted were constructed, as in the case of West Way, which bisects the London County Council housing estate, before there was any proposal to abolish the speed limit and when a speed limit of 20 m.p.h. was in operation.

Accident charts show that it is on the fringes of London where traffic is lighter than in the inner area and motorists can "open out" that so many accidents, involving death or severe injury, are now occurring. The speed limit provides a standard to assist pedestrians in judging speed when crossing the road; it reduces dangerous overtaking and enables traffic to move forward at a more uniform speed. Admittedly it may mean that a journey along a given road may take the driver of a private car a little longer, but is not the life of a child of more importance than a few seconds of the motorist's time? T. C. FOLEY

The Pedestrians' Association, 3, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

[Reference is made to this letter in our Comments this week. —ED. N.S. & N.]

THE POLICE AND POLITICAL PREJUDICE

SIR,—In the last few years there has been an increasing tendency for the police to introduce political prejudice in police courts and at Assizes. Many such cases have been ventilated in the press and have engaged the attention of M.P.s, but the purpose of this letter is to call attention to the lengths to which such political prejudice was carried in the recent case of thirty-six mid-Rhondda workers who appeared at Glamorgan Assizes before Mr. Justice Lewis on December 7th on charges of riot, incitement to riot, unlawful assembly and incitement to unlawful assembly. The charges arose out of a disturbance which occurred at a Fascist meeting on June 11th. By the newspaper reports of this trial Sergeant Porter seems to have distinguished himself by the use of such phrases as "He is an organiser of working-class demonstrations and marches. . . . He was associated with the organisers of marches against Acts of Parliament on matters connected with the working class. . . . He associates with persons holding extreme views. . . . He has been a dangerous agitator and organiser of working-class demonstrations in mid-Rhondda since 1926. . . . He has stirred up discontent among the working-class people of the district." In addition to this and many other similar phrases, the Sergeant went out of his way to express his own personal views (or those of his superiors) by saying, in regard to several of the defendants, that there was no apparent reason for their outlook on life.

The inability of the police to understand the economic grievances and the discontent of the South Wales people is the more unfortunate, when we find that among the defendants there was (*a*) a widower with five dependent children. He served in the machine-gun corps of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; was gassed in 1918 on the Somme and was twice buried. He contracted miners' nystagmus in 1923, since which year he has been unemployed and subject to the Means Test. He was sentenced to nine months imprisonment. (*b*) A married man with seven children unemployed for five years. He was twice wounded on active service, is on the Means Test and he and his family live on a dole of 38*s*. (*c*) An ex-serviceman who fought from 1914 to 1918. Suffers from tubercular knee and wears leg-irons. Married with three children, unemployed for seven years; the family live on 30*s*. a week. (*d*) A married woman, whose husband has been unemployed for seven years. There is one son, aged 15. The family of three live on a dole of 26*s*. a week. The woman is subject to fits, but she was sent to gaol for three months, which is likely to have a serious effect on her health. (*e*) An ex-serviceman with two young children in his care. He has been unemployed since 1923. (*f*) An ex-serviceman suffering serious disabilities from shell-shock. He was in hospital for 5½ years and draws a disability pension. (*g*) A young man of 23 years of age, who has been unemployed all his life. His wife has been in delicate health since the birth of their only child.

From a personal knowledge of conditions in South Wales and from reported cases from that area, it appears that political bias has become so ingrained in the Glamorgan police that they even go as far as to suggest by implication, as Sergeant Porter did at Swansea, that there is something illegal or potentially illegal in the organising of working-class demonstrations. Such an attitude as is shown by the examples quoted above must have a disastrous effect on the relations subsisting between police and citizens. It is high time that the Home Office intervened.

One other point should be referred to in connection with these cases. The refusal of Mr. Justice Lewis to grant bail at the end of the first day's proceedings to every one of the defendants (in spite of the fact that counsel for the defence applied for such bail) was a decision for which there is no precedent in this kind of case. The fact that the Judge subsequently allowed bail must necessarily cause bewilderment as to the grounds upon which it was earlier refused. RONALD KIDD,

Secretary

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
Morley House,
320 Regent Street, London, W.1

RADIO-SEVILLE

SIR,—It is perhaps worth recording, as an example of the new Pan-European spirit created by the foresight and courage of the surviving democratic governments, that, during the one occasion on which I have listened to Radio-Seville, the programme consisted of the Horst Wessel Lied, Giovanezza, and the Austrian late Imperial Anthem consecutively.

It was so refreshing thus to find the chimera of racial determinism exchanged for the reality of a brotherhood of nations that I was even grateful to hear no music directly associated with Spain. ARRIBA ESPAÑA

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE EMPIRE AND THE MONARCHY

SIR,—There is one aspect of recent happenings which calls for some careful thinking. Is it true, as we have been constantly told, that the monarchy is the only possible bond which can prevent the Empire from flying to pieces? The question is worth examining for two reasons. The Irish Free State has just repudiated it while remaining in the Empire for world-purposes; and between now and the Coronation our press and broadcasting services are going to work overtime at making Republicans, by flooding us with a spate of slush about the Royal Family and in particular its infant members. Having just returned to England

after four months in the East, I can testify that " the Empire " is not likely to stand much more of the kind of thing that has been dinned at us and it for the last year and more.

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

SLUMS IN SUSSEX

SIR,—The beauties of Sussex are part of our common English heritage and have been celebrated a thousand times. But the holiday-maker from town or suburb who pauses to admire the mellow loveliness of a Sussex village little knows that in many of these ancient thatched cottages, which delight his eye and warm his imagination, men and women and their children are condemned to live in conditions that are a disgrace to civilisation. If he were able to penetrate behind the picturesque exterior he would find, as likely as not, a sunless interior, decaying walls, a nauseous slime oozing up through the brick-and-mud floor, a defective roof, abominable sanitation, and one small bedroom (often containing only one large bed) for the accommodation of four, five, or six human souls. Recently, in the village from which we now write, a father and mother and five children were occupying a two-roomed cottage at a rent of 7*s*. 6*d*. a week : the mother died of tuberculosis, and the eldest child has now been admitted to a sanatorium. This is not an isolated case : examples could be multiplied to the point of tedium. It is easy, and natural, to blame the landlords ; but too often the landlord is himself a person of small means, lamentably ill-equipped for the responsibility he has undertaken ; for it is beyond dispute the agricultural labourers with large families simply cannot pay an economic rent for a house of adequate size.

Throughout this large county of Sussex there is an urgent need of reconditioning old cottages and of providing new ones at a rent which poor people can pay, a task not always within the capacity of local authorities. This is the *raison d'être* of the Saint Richard Housing Society, a purely voluntary organisation, on behalf of which we venture to issue this appeal. The Society was founded by Father Basil Jellicoe, who died last year at the age of thirty-six, with his great work magnificently begun but uncompleted. Its mode of operation is twofold : first, to acquire by purchase such cottages as have been or ought to be condemned by the sanitary authorities, to gut and rebuild them from the inside where necessary, to enlarge or re-group them as may be expedient, and in short to make them fit for human habitation ; and, second, to provide the tenants of such cottages with temporary homes in new cottages while the work is being done. Those of your readers who have money to invest, be it much or little, cannot do better, we believe, than devote it to this public service. Long-term investors can confidently expect three per cent. on their investments ; and precise details will be gladly given to inquirers by the Society's Honorary Secretary, Miss O. Dutton Briant, 208 Dyke Road, Brighton.

But, in order to provide for a substantial minority of cases in which tenants cannot afford to pay an economic rent, we hope that many will be moved to make an outright donation, small or large. At this moment the Society has just purchased fifteen cottages, but cannot begin work on them for lack of funds ; it is within the power of your readers to ensure the comfortable housing of perhaps a hundred distressed fellow-creatures before the winter is over. Cheques and postal orders, which will be promptly acknowledged, should be made payable to the Saint Richard Housing Society, and sent to Messrs. Barclay's Bank, Ltd., North Street, Brighton, Sussex.

(Signed) GERALD BULLETT
THEODORA JELLICOE
D. G. PELLY

THE PEACE BABEL

SIR,—Mr. Michael Foot's review of my book, *Alternative to Rearmament*, is so misleading that it really demands a protest.

First, Mr. Foot at least did well to call his essay, " The Peace Babel "—a babel of his own making ; for he asserts that the three books under review (Lord Davies,' Mr. Buxton's, and mine) " arrive at three contradictory conclusions," when in fact they largely agree. Mr. Buxton (I was reassured to find) comes, with his long experience in questions of native rights and colonial development, to much the same conclusions as those sketched in my chapter called " Liquidation of Empire ? " And I agree with Lord Davies that we ought still to work for genuine collective security ; for nothing has happened to make it no longer necessary. Yet, since the chances of getting collective security just now are slight, I also urge that meanwhile our main job is to get the present policy of competitive counter-menaces changed over into a policy of mainly non-menacing national defence. Where is the contradiction ? What good is done by saying that there is one ?

Next, what has Mr. Foot to say against this policy of defences instead of menaces ? He is forced to admit that " it might work " and that " it takes a strong nerve to raise even a quibble " in face of the facts given in support of it. His nerve does not fail him. First he suggests that, because " Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his friends are not so susceptible " to the case for mainly non-menacing defence " as we poor pacifists," we should not advocate it. If we took Mr. Foot's advice we should be very poor pacifists. It is our business either to get rid of this Government by presenting an evidently better policy, or to make this Government carry it out. If " the fight for peace is largely a struggle for power within the sovereign countries themselves," why not gain ground in that struggle by putting forward a constructive policy of our own for peace and defence in face of the air menace and of Fascist rearmament—the policy of reducing this country's vulnerability by mainly non-menacing measures ?

Lastly, Mr. Foot appears to think that this policy has nothing to do with events in Spain. He is much mistaken. For, unless the exceptional vulnerability of Great Britain is very greatly reduced, Great Britain's contribution either to League sanctions or to an " international popular front " cannot be made reliable. And, while of course no shilly-shallying foreign policy is likely to prevent war, any definite commitment may well increase the danger as long as one of its members is peculiarly vulnerable ; for a desperate nation, confronted by an alliance of any sort, will tend to strike suddenly and overwhelmingly at its most vulnerable member. (Witness the fate of Denmark in the first decade of the nineteenth century.) Therefore, to check the menace of war and Fascism, it is first essential to reduce the vulnerability of this country very greatly by mainly non-menacing measures, and then to co-ordinate the menacing armaments that remain so as to make it as nearly certain as possible that they will really be used against aggression and intervention only. The sooner we all work for this policy the better for peace and liberty.

1 St. Andrew's Place, JONATHAN GRIFFIN
Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SPAIN

SIR,—Miss Emma Goldman has just returned from Barcelona, with a large collection of photographs, showing the activities on the Anti-Fascist fronts and behind the line.

She would be glad to get into touch with any of your readers who could assist her in arranging an exhibition, the proceeds of which would be sent to help the evacuation of women and children from Madrid.

Would anyone interested write to Miss Emma Goldman, 18 Castleton Road, W.14 ? (DR.) STELLA CHURCHILL
8 Cumberland Terrace,
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

THE IRISH LITERARY CENSORSHIP

SIR,—As an occasional victim of the curious censorship which protects the pure morals of Irishmen from the contaminating influence of wicked English novelists, I peruse with respectful interest the Index Expurgatorius of strangely assorted works which appears from time to time in the *Publishers' Circular*. *Procul, O procul este, profani !* cry the censors, and it is not for us barbarians to dispute their high wisdom or even to ask wherein we have offended.

Recently, however, I was both surprised and flattered to discover in the list a book of mine, long forgotten, I had believed, by all except its author, which was published more than three years ago. I was naturally delighted that anybody had thought it worth while to drag my poor lost book out of limbo, even for the purpose of condemning it ; but many a consideration has tempered my pleasure with dismay. It is rather dreadful, is it not, to think that Irish morals have been corrupted for so long without let or hindrance, and that this insidious poison, brewed, alas ! by my own guilty hands, has been working its mischief in Irish homes for more than three years ?

I therefore hasten to make this protest, not against the strictness of the censorship, but against its laxity. JOHN MOORE

Miscellany

THE CHARITY BALL

[This is the first of two articles describing the actual experiences of a Waiter.]

THE manager handed back my references and added my name to a list lying on his desk.

"Report 10 a.m. to-morrow," he said curtly, "White waistcoat and bow. Wages are half-a-crown a day, but tips should be all right. That's all." Thanking him, I left. If that was all they paid their waiters the tips would have to be good.

I started prompt at ten the next morning. As the hall was only used occasionally for dancing, all kinds of equipment had to be installed. In company with three other waiters, I began by unloading a van containing cases of spirits, wines and crates of beer. For two hours we carried them up three flights of stairs, and this proved to be only a beginning. The van which followed contained much heavier stuff. A thousand chairs, three hundred tables and crates of silver and crockery. We unloaded and carried these up, till our backs and shoulders ached, and I began to wonder whether I was a waiter or a warehouseman.

When the lunch hour came, our meal consisted of a piece of doubtful-looking beef and a spoonful of half-cold potatoes covered with a thick gluey brown fluid. Some of us went to the nearest café, rather than face such a meal, but I was too broke to do so.

After this alleged refreshment we resumed again our lifting and hauling. A large number of heavy buffet tables were awaiting us, which had to be carried up to the ballroom floor and set in position; next came ponderous silver coffee urns and several cash registers. (I can recommend lifting cash registers as excellent training for would-be strong men in circuses). Then, after shifting the band-stand and two pianos twice, we finished our work as furniture removers at 4 p.m. by hauling a tobacco kiosk a distance of a hundred feet. Odds and ends busied us till six, when we changed into uniform.

The head waiter had allotted us our tables, to which we had to put the finishing touches, and we were now reinforced by several waitresses, employed at a café owned by the caterers for the ball. The band arrived and commenced to play for dancing.

It was one of the biggest charity balls of the year, and we set to work to wait on the generous aristocracy.

The wine bill for the people at my table soon began to climb, and I had hopes of a profitable evening.

Many and various were the appeals for charity. An expensive radio set donated by a leading firm was raffled; an autograph of a prominent actress enlarged the fund—so did her kisses at a pound apiece. I had been kept very busy serving drinks and food, for I had to run up three flights of stairs for every order, no matter how trifling. I did not get breathing space till 1 a.m., when the cabaret performance started.

I believe this was very good, but I was too tired to watch it, and retired to a service pantry for a rest.

There I found a waitress, a young girl of eighteen, in tears. What was the matter? She told me she had lost a pound of the firm's money. Collecting a bill in a hurry, she had miscalculated and was now a pound short. This was a very serious matter for her. The firm would stop her wages, and as she only earned 12*s.* 6*d.* per week, she would have to live on her tips alone for at least a fortnight.

My people were gloriously drunk and getting more and more maudlin in the cause of charity, and I did a little thinking, too, in that cause.

They were playing a new game. Two of the chorus-girls from the revue were carrying a table-cloth between them into which the guests were throwing donations.

Lord S—— and his partner at my table had a considerable number of £1 notes screwed into balls, and, using champagne bottles as bats, they were trying to score hits on the cloth, uproariously applauded by the rest of the party. The voice of the M.C. roared encouragement, and I, too, decided to do my bit for charity. With a quick flick of a napkin I whisked one of the pellets towards the waitress; the look in her eyes rewarded me for the risk I had taken.

The night wore on; the guests got more drunk—if possible—and I got more tired. Automatically, I stopped two fights. Why I did so, I don't know. I also carried a young lady into the cloakroom "to sleep it off," thankful that she was not sick over me, as we have to supply our own uniform.

The dancing ended with that grand old dance, "We all fall down," and the sight of aristocracy sprawling in drunken attitudes on the floor did not by then strike any one—except the waiters—as grotesque. Around about five in the morning, the last lingerers were assisted to their cars and I was free to go. My aching feet told me I had done nineteen hours on them.

Less Unemployment and Insurance stamps, I had drawn 10*d.* in wages; I had also received £1 in tips, and for this I had had to be ingratiating to any kind of drunk and put up with every variety of tipsy insult or abuse that came my way. In wages I had been paid just a halfpenny an hour.

Those who have such a very gay time dispensing charity might also inquire into the exploitation of those who make their pleasures possible. I wondered, in this case, if the item of service in the caterer's contract really figured out at only 2*s.* 6*d.* per waiter for nineteen hours' work. If it did, the charitable organisers should not have passed it; if it did *not* . . . well, I sometimes wonder, too, whether the enormous overcharges for wine and spirits on such occasions benefit the charity alone.

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

THE diffuseness and eccentricity for which Spanish letters are always reproached were perfectly exemplified in the work of Miguel de Unamuno, who died last week in Salamanca. He was one of the very few Spanish writers who broke through the provincialism of Spanish thought and had an audience in Europe, and he was certainly the most striking and incalculable Spaniard of his time. But already, before his death, that time had ended. The work of his generation (known in his country as "the generation of '98," because it came to maturity at the time of the humiliation of the loss of Cuba) stopped with the establishment of the Republic in 1931 and the unsuccessful attempt to build a Liberal democracy in Spain. And in the last years of his life Unamuno experienced to the full the tragic fate of the Liberal intellectual in a revolutionary conflict. But without resignation. A violent individualist, he at least took a clear if misguided stand where others of Liberal mind havered, wavered or ran away; he paid no timid lip service to Madrid but went straight to Franco. It was an eccentric gesture, but before he died it is known that he had already quarrelled with the General—as everyone knew he would—and ended his life as he boasted he had lived it—a voice crying in the wilderness.

To call Unamuno a Liberal, a reactionary, an unconscious Protestant or heterodox Catholic, or to tie any other label on him is, of course, absurd. He made a point of defying definition, and would have said with the rough Baptist preacher I remember once meeting in Tennessee, "I belong to no one; I belong to myself." Mr. Somerset Maugham once very truly said that the energy of the Spaniards has not gone into the creation of the greatest art but into the making of man and character. Unamuno illustrated this point. He was a great personality, and in his best books—*The Tragic Sense of Life*, *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, the fine long essay on the Castilian spirit, and his early autobiographical novel, *Paz en Guerra*—one is engrossed rather with a very vital and idiosyncratic personality than with his ideas for their own

sake. The sensation is almost exactly the same in D. H. Lawrence or in the prefaces of Shaw; we are in contact with an intensely personal writer, one whose voice is in his words, whose emphases and repetitions are those of urgent speech. "For me everything, for the universe nothing," this favourite quotation of Unamuno's contains the clue to his immense egoism, his hatred of abstractions, his insistence on living man, "the man of flesh and bones." The appetite for being himself, all contradictions, paradoxes and conflicts exhibited in the theatrical manner of his race, was omnivorous. The world existed to be consumed, one projected oneself to universal dimensions ("I am, therefore God is") aware, however, that man's personal mortality is his bitterest humiliation. Like that other great egoist, Tolstoy, who was also so intensely concerned with physical man, Unamuno was haunted by the question "What is the use of Truth if a man dies?"

Among his own generation Unamuno was often regarded as a reactionary. After the defeat of '98 they were working to bring Spain into closer contact with Western European civilisation and to redeem the country from "Africanism." They found Unamuno taking something like a Chestertonian line against them; while the Church and the conventional forces of Spanish tradition equally saw in him an enemy. He attacked the monarchy, but declared that he had "a medieval soul." He was a rebel in every camp. While others were writing bitterly that the spiritual maladies of Spanish life were due to an isolation which had kept Spain untouched by the great European movements, the Reformation, the Renaissance and the French Revolution, Unamuno passionately argued the tragic value of the counter-reformation and the conquests of the sixteenth century. Philip II became "our great Philip," and Spain's rejection of the modern world, its scientific culture and its rationalist hedonism, was exalted. For (who knew?) the modern world might once more turn to Spain, scorned for its lack of philosophers, and in the Spanish mystics and the tragic, passionate sense of life, find its lost soul.

It was alarming to discover a fighting republican and anti-clerical holding Unamuno's position, and he soon had to face the critics. Here was the revolt against reason and a clear case of the *trahison des clercs*. But Unamuno, like Shaw in a corner, was ready for his adversaries. He was out not to destroy reason but to create conflict. He himself was a man tortured by the struggle between reason and faith. "My method is the method of passion"; without conflict and passion there was no life, that is to say no "man of flesh and bones." One must not with inward-turned and Puritan eye deny the self and isolate it; but admit the conflicts in the self fully. Against the modern world's insistence on happiness must be placed the stoical philosophy which teaches man the value of struggle and suffering, how to live by preparing for death. And what was more stoical than the Spanish genius?

No difficulty was found in pointing out the limitations of an individualism so extreme, especially as Unamuno, in a prolific career of writing and quarrelling, committed all the eccentricities and made all the wild assertions that are typical of Spanish letters. He was a tedious dramatist, a bloodless and garrulous novelist, a poor poet. Nothing runs so quickly to seed as individualism. It is a paradox that at the moment the egoist is most conscious of filling the world, he is most certainly living in a vacuum. In a country populated by millions of minor Unamunos, all anarchic and imbued with the sense of their own godhead, Spaniards themselves lamented the *falta de ambiente*, the general disassociation in communal life. Unamuno's great merit, however, was through himself, to show Spaniards themselves. And whatever strange journeys his thought undertook to inconclusive destinations, his work is alive with that new self-consciousness which was common to all the writers of the renaissance period of the last thirty years. It is a pity that a selection from his Essays has not been translated into English and especially the essays on Castile. The Castilian essays are masterpieces of interpretation, and a good many misconceptions about Spain would be removed if they were better known in England.

Unamuno read widely, particularly in English and German literature, and he was one of those writers who devour others for quotation. Carlyle, Tennyson, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Izaak Walton are scattered in fragments through his books, not fragments shored against ruins in a Spanish wasteland but consumed in fervent nineteenth century fashion. They are additions to his personality. To last century he belonged, and it was not surprising, when one reflected upon it, to see the admirer of Carlyle march in his seventies into Franco's camp to become the most troublesome of allies. Heaven knows he had attacked the Army vehemently in his time and was not given to repentance. Perhaps he went there to annoy the Basques. Salamanca had in any case long been his home, and the home factor has determined the decision of thousands of Spaniards in the Civil War. The individualist is rooted only in his own wilderness, and hates to fight in or for anybody else's.

V. S. PRITCHETT

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR MUSICAL CHILDREN

"WHAT am I to do with my music?" said a young girl to her father of my acquaintance the other day, and the father, naturally, was nonplussed—although he could probably have told her what to do with everything else she had learned at school—namely, to forget all about it as quickly as possible.

As this is a question which many children must be asking on leaving school—or one that is becoming a matter of concern to many parents—I have been asked to deal with it here; which I shall do with much relish, as it gives me an opportunity to say many unpleasant but pertinent things.

Everybody interested in education is aware of the general unrest that exists among all enlightened and sensitive educational authorities and persons responsible for training the coming generations. There is at last a general and well-founded scepticism about education in itself, and whereas in the nineteenth century the value and possibilities of education were over-rated or at least much misconceived, the old methods largely continue because nobody knows what to put in their place. The examination system, as everybody knows, has been developed into a curse and a blight causing devastation among hundreds of thousands of young minds. I am inclined to think that nothing short of the possession of genius is strong enough to stand up against the ill-effects of the examination system. But what can one put in its place as a method of selecting young people for jobs? Practically all education nowadays is utilitarian, and the influence of the so-called "scientific" utilitarians of the school of H. G. Wells has overrun the modern world. An architect at the head of one important teaching institution in the country told me not long ago that the average student was not in the least interested in architecture; he was only interested in qualifying to obtain a reasonably safe post at four or five hundred a year. It is useless to complain of this. Under the present system or any other system that is conceivable as working during the near future, to find a job must be the prime concern of every young man and woman.

Let us assume, then, this practical necessity for four-fifths of the education of the young to be directed towards the obtaining of some job. Now if this is the situation of the average young person, what follows when this job has been obtained and the future possibilities are restricted to a more or less extensive series of better jobs—all successive rungs in the ladder of the first occupation laid against the house of life? What, in other words, is to go on *inside* the house when the worker gets off the rung of his ladder and goes in by the window or the front door or the back entrance?

Well, if you believe in the ant or bee-life, there is community singing, anthroposophical lectures, literary societies, political gangships, where you may shout "Kamerad" together and wear black or red shirts *under your coat* and sing very badly the appropriate hymn—to say nothing of societies for mutual

non-enjoyment such as the innumerable lodges, dining clubs and other organisation of men, calling themselves Reindeer, Elks, Druids, Hippopotamuses, Foresters, Rotarians, Axles, Propellers, etc., etc. All these help the educated citizen to stay out of his dismal English or American home when he gets off the ladder at the end of the day's work.

There are also all the movies, which provide object-matter for the permanent passivity of the masses educated by means of examinations to perpetual mental inertia. To these we must add the radio with its inexhaustible voice to dull our ears and fill up the emptiness of our minds. Even television will be a further encroachment upon that leisure of which we are so terrified, and I look forward to the time when the average man will never have to rely upon himself or be himself active from waking to sleeping. In fact he will then be—as far as his own inner faculties are concerned—permanently asleep, and that bliss, that Nirvana which is the ideal of some religions, will have come to pass. The Kingdom of the Blessed, of the Permanently Happy will not merely be at hand, it will actually be here and unescapable.

Now, if anybody dislikes this ideal—which nearly all our human loud-speakers preach—I have a remedy, a slight but I think a potent antidote and remedy to prescribe, namely, music. And herein lies the answer to the question that I put at the beginning of this article: "What am I to do with my music?" And the answer is "Use it, not as a job, as a means of livelihood, but as a personal activity." Reading, I would admit, is also a personal activity requiring effort and intelligence on the part of the reader and rewarding him with pleasure in proportion to the amount of effort and intelligence expended. For, of course, there is no real pleasure to be obtained in those merely passive pursuits of film-gazing, etc., etc. The hard truth that pleasure in reading is only to be achieved in proportion to the richness of the capacity that has gone to the reading is one that is never heard in our educational institutions, whose leaders have forsaken this hard teaching of all the great humanists for the easy swindle of useful "science."

But I shall exclude reading because it is a strictly individual and not also a social pleasure—although in amateur dramatic societies it can have a social side. Music is more intimately social in its nature though it must start with the individual. It is perfectly possible for all but a small percentage of the population to be taught music as children so that they can not only play on some instrument for their own pleasure the works of the great masters, but also join in the ensemble playing of these works among themselves. It is no harder to learn to play a musical instrument sufficiently well for this than to learn to read Coleridge, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Goethe, Plato and Spinoza, etc. I have taught myself to compose and recently wrote a trio for wind instruments, from the writing of which I got great pleasure, though it was written for my own amusement and not for performance. Almost everybody could learn to do this, and although such compositions have no merit that makes them of interest to others, yet the very writing of them enhances greatly one's enjoyment of the work of real composers. One hears in greater detail and with a fuller consciousness. This adds enormously to one's pleasure.

Now children should be compelled to the necessary initial drudgery of learning music just as they are compelled to learn to read and write and to occupational training. But the object of their learning music should be that they can play for themselves and their intimates, and collaborate with friends in the performing of all that mass of wonderful music which is the legacy left to us by the past genius of the human race, and which is our surest, deepest and most permanently satisfying daily recreation. The frightful boredom and depression so common everywhere to-day is due to the permanent passivity in the cinemas and houses of the people. They are not for the most part overworked (and they will become increasingly less overworked) but they are uneducated, ill-equipped to enjoy life. And if your son or daughter, having had a musical education, does not know what to do with it, the fault then must lie with the teachers, many of whom, alas, do not love music, but have only passed examinations in it to earn their living.

W. J. TURNER

THE CIRCUS

Two things make my occasional visits to the theatre dull: absence of surprise, and starvation of the eye. Outside I have seen, perhaps, a moment of real drama—a tramp thrusts his arms into a dustbin, while across the way the queue slides into the theatre; inside, after the excitement of the lighted curtain, there is the eternal tableau of half a dozen people in a drawing-room, entangling themselves gradually for the sake of late arrivals, even more gradually finding their solution, which is timed for five to eleven, so that theatre-goers may enjoy the rush-hour home. I can imagine no worse penance than to be a dramatic critic. Three or four evenings a week he is compelled to gaze at actors he has seen before, at stage rooms which are better done in Mr. Drage's window; the same interminable conversations arise, on a few well-worn topics, and he is not allowed to take part. Only the fact that he can reply in print next day carries him on. No wonder Mr. Agate, who, to judge from *Ego*, is an exuberant man, talks nineteen to the dozen the moment he is out of a theatre and fills his column with the entertainment he has failed to discover during the week. He quotes—you have noticed?—largely from French authors. Sainte-Beuve and the Goncourts may be as far removed as possible from the play he is discussing—so much the better, one must escape somewhere; and Mr. Agate flees from the London theatre into his own magpie erudition.

One reason for the popularity of ballet—its audiences are often quite unmusical—is that it offers a feast for starved eyes. So, too, in different ways do the music-hall and the circus. The moment when a comedian takes off three dress suits and emerges in a football jersey playing a miniature violin, or when doves are released from the gallery, provides just that paradox, humorous and poetical, which the theatre lacks.

I have enjoyed the circus at Olympia and at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Both are part of a larger fair in which loud-speakers and steam-organs vie deliriously, families stare, showmen bawl, girls sail by screaming on gilded griffins. A child points to a dwarf smaller than itself; the dwarf is smoking a cigarette and swings a cane. An old gentleman throws pompons at a pyramid of cans, which remain unmoved. Among drifting crowds I notice the little group at the bottom of the slide waiting for lifted skirts, the youth who hesitates to have his fortune told. The biggest roundabout is still splendidly barbaric with its central altar and the inscription: "Original Mechanical Marvel and Animal Gars"—in that word "Gars," which is admitted by no dictionary, the whole wonder of the circus seems packed. Possibly it is only a misprint for "Cars," but I remember it from childhood. The only difference between the circus now and then is that it has become more sumptuous and more sideshows wink with electricity.

The ring itself is almost unchanged. At Islington, which is the better show for children, horses and ponies are followed by sea-lions, elephants, jugglers, acrobats, lions, bears, tigers, and clowns. The clowns are unusually good: one, for example, swinging on horizontal bars leaves in a flash his coat on one and his trousers on another. Even the sea-lions have a comedian which flops from its pedestal to steal fish. The elephants play skittles, the lions are harnessed to a chariot and driven round the ring. All these animals you see afterwards in their stalls.

Olympia gives the more glittering spectacle; but it is too expensive and too vast. I did not see many children among an evening audience. Of its sort, though—Berlin Wintergarten

—it is quite first-rate. Ponies and acrobats occupy much of the programme. There is a delightful variant of the usual musical drive when a dozen small ponies, mounted by dummy huntsmen, chase round and round and scatter finally over a hedge. "The Peerless Potters," six men, give the best exhibition of graceful acrobatics, high in the roof at Olympia, that I have seen. During the last act ("the Kimris") a man and a woman hang on one foot from a revolving bar, spotlit, 200 feet above the audience, while the band plays, again and again, a slow waltz. Those moments I shall not forget.

G. W. STONIER

APARTMENT TO LET

THE winter is winning: leaden with sinning,
The landlady's eyes ooze rheum;
The unemployed waiter peels a potater—
He never did that in the boom.

Once he was dandy and she was randy
On nice port-and-lemon and stout;
Now he is ageing and she's a raging
And raddled and bleary old trout.

The basement is theirs. They stumble downstairs,
Avoiding the cats and their mess;
His dickeys, her hose, his dandruffy clothes
All cumber the curtained recess.

The ground-floor front is out on the hunt
(Her feller's been round on the borrow);
She may be too fat, but her clients like that,
And her best one's not due till to-morrow.

The landlady fancies the boy that two nances
From Kensington keep on the third:
He used to drive cars; he hangs around bars
And catches a mug or a bird.

The second floor's free, and if you ask me
The chap that was there's a bit daft:
He's gone with a kid and a girl to Madrid—
When he said he was off, how we laughed!

Laugh? You'd have died! As the landlady cried,
"Them dagoes and bolshies and strife
May be all very well if yer don't mind the smell:
I like comfort too much—Give me LIFE!"

T. D.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Hänsel und Gretel" and "Manon Lescaut," at Covent Garden.

An excellent Gretel and an experienced and admirable Hänsel in Miss Maggie Teyte were the chief features of this production of Humperdinck's clever and rather Christmas-card opera. It is what the Germans perhaps too loftily describe as *kitsch;* but there is a place for such things, especially when so expertly and cunningly confectioned as is this sentimental, but astonishingly effective, entertainment. Miss Irene Eisinger's voice is perhaps on the small side but it is very pure and clear and she is a delightful actress as well as charming to look at. *Manon Lescaut* is one of Puccini's best operas and the present production at Covent Garden is a very good one and should not be missed. Mr. Constant Lambert conducted for the first time at Covent Garden and made a brilliant success; there could have been more polish in some of the details and more fluidity, but he thoroughly understands Puccini and got all the big effects—especially the remarkably fine close at the end of the second act—with unerring skill. A new soprano, Augusta Oltrabella, turned out to be ultra-good as well; indeed, she is excellent and was most ably partnered by a new Italian tenor, Piero Menescaldi, who is one of the best Puccini tenors we have heard at Covent Garden for a long time. If *Manon Lescaut* did not rather tail off in a too long drawn out death scene in the last act it would be a masterpiece of its kind. Even so it is an excellent work, containing, in the second act, some of Puccini's most delightful music. Of the rest of the cast Dennis Noble as Lescaut and Diane von Dommelen as Un Musico deserve special commendation.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," at the Carlton

This film has been given a certificate "U," in our opinion most injudiciously—not because it is an orgy of carnage but because it massacres history and geography. Tartar tribes inhabit the "frontier" between India and Arabia, and the famous Charge was due not to a mistake of Lord Lucan's, but to an officer of the 17th Lancers who forged an Order so that his regiment could kill an Afghanesque Khan who was watching the Battle of Balaclava from among the Russian artillery. Though the film declares itself to be inspired by Tennyson's "epic poem" about the Charge, most of the action takes place in the Bengal Lancer country. The plot is puerile and boring, the dialogue flat and incompetent. Altogether a most suitable film to take a deaf friend to, for the photography is remarkable (on rather familiar lines) and the fighting is managed most effectively. We do not know how many men and horses fell to make this Hollywood holiday, but we feel confident that they have not suffered, from a box-office point of view, in vain. The acting is negligible, the bloodiness is all.

The Storran Gallery.

Here is a most agreeable collection of paintings, mostly by young and comparatively unknown painters. It includes a Christopher Wood, which you can buy for 350 guineas, but there are several better pictures in the exhibition which cost only twenty. We do not remember seeing any other picture by Mr. Anthony Bridge, for instance, but his self-portrait and his autumnal landscape seem to place him among the most promising English painters. Mr. Lynton Lamb has a quite delightful sense of colour, Mr. Claude Rogers (influenced evidently by Bonnard) shows a picture of a canal seen through a window which would give gaiety to any room. Mr. Frank Coombs has a curious and individual view of a brightly coloured house and a garden, which is painted with feeling and great distinction. A sombrely romantic landscape by Mr. Barry Craig is another admirable work. Altogether this show should be visited by anyone interested in the future of English painting, and a gallery which gives serious young artists a chance to exhibit performs a really valuable public service.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 9th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- "Seed of Adam." New poetic drama by Charles Williams, author of "Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury." Speech by T. S. Eliot after the performance, Town Hall, Brentwood, Essex, 3. (Tickets, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* from Miss Potter, Gt. Waltham, Chelmsford.)
- Recital of Folk Songs, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 10th—
- W. B. Curry on "1936 and After," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Hilda Vernon on "International Aspects of Fascism," 153, Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, January 11th—
- "The Blue Light," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, January 12th—
- Basil Henriques on "East London: The Jewish Point of View," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Public Meeting on "The Tragedy of Spain," Speeches by Miss Monica Whateley, Rev. Jack Putterill and others, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 7.45.
- Prof. J. C. Flugel on "Sex: Procreation, Sublimation, Recreation," Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, 8.
- "The Lily Maid," Winter Garden Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, January 13th—
- Public Meeting on "Spain and Us," Speeches by David Keir, Leah Manning and others, Methodist Church Hall, Hodford Road, Golders Green Road, 8.15.
- "Crooked Cross," Westminster Theatre.

THURSDAY, January 14th—
- Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"EVERY hen has a cock underneath," Professor Bateson said to me as he pointed to the pens of poultry which were being studied genetically, when he was showing me round the Sir John Innes Institute at Merton one Sunday morning some twenty-two years ago. At this distance of time I won't swear there was an extra chromosome in the hens, but the essential thing was that there was an extra added something in the egg which produced the hen. Lacking that additional dose one got the male. And sometimes, when something went wrong with her, the veneer seemed to peel off and the hen started to crow and sprout curly tail-feathers. There were several of these unfortunates to be seen, birds which had lost the feminine graces and modest demeanour of the hen, without coming out in all the proud competitive coloration of the cock. I have been reminded of the cocks and hens at Merton, and of Bateson, the greatest biologist I have known, by reading a book of anthropological research by his son : *Naven*, by Gregory Bateson (Cambridge University Press, 18*s*.). It is a specialised piece of work dealing with some peculiar ceremonial customs, in which men dress as women, and women as men, among the Iatmul, a head-hunting tribe in New Guinea, and it is a difficult book for anyone who has had no training in anthropology to read and follow. The ordinary reader, like myself, will find it full of hard words and of hard abstract statement and he may in consequence feel rather restive at the amount of jargon he has to digest. The reason is that Mr. Bateson has been quite as much occupied in defining his theoretical position as an anthropologist, and of the concepts which he is employing, as in describing his actual field-work in New Guinea, or in stating the conclusions at which he has arrived. If this makes it difficult, it also makes it an important book with a relevance far beyond head-hunters and their habits.

* * *

The whole trend of modern European culture and education has been towards a drawing together of the sexes with a consequent pooling and sharing of their interests. In North America and in Russia this drawing together has proceeded further than it has generally in England, being assisted by co-education and by men and women working side by side at the same jobs. But the same causes, the chief of which is female education, have produced great changes in England, and though such a drawing together is not by any means a proof of greater civilisation, it is certainly the mark of our civilisation to-day. Any marked separation between the sexes in their interests and their mental attitudes to ideas, and in their codes of behaviour (such as may only too easily be found in certain classes in England) seems *stuffy ;* it affects one like an airless room and one rises instinctively to open the window. One hurries " to join the ladies " and then, only too often, wishes one were back in the smoking room. The Iatmul are a people in which the codes of behaviour, attitudes to life and states of mind of the sexes are far more sharply differentiated than in Victorian England or Fascist Italy. They are very much nearer cocks and hens than we are. The most admired male type is proud and unstable in temper and his vanity, always liable to flare out aggressively, makes it rather difficult for him to co-operate with other males. His pride leads him to concentrate on a fantastic heraldry and false genealogies while he finds no difficulty in holding a number of incompatible beliefs. He achieves glory by vainglorious and abusive oratory, and by his knowledge of the history and secrets of the tribe, as well as by head-hunting and decoying strangers to where his companions may kill them. Mr. Bateson does not hesitate to compare the ideal Iatmul with his opposite number in Europe and it is true to say that the head hunter is made to throw as much light upon the European as the European does on him. Pride and anger are the emotions valued in the male and are standardised by Iatmul culture while they in turn tend to preserve it as it is.

* * *

The women present a marked contrast : they are jolly and work together good-temperedly without getting excited. Mr. Bateson gives a charming and vivid picture of the fleet of women's canoes setting off before dawn to visit the fish traps, each canoe containing one woman and a little smoking pot of fire over which she can warm herself after wading in the cold water up to her breasts. Yet though the women do the routine work they are by no means submissive, and will often take the initiative in love affairs. They have ceremonial dances together in which a cheerful jolly atmosphere prevails in marked contrast to the men's melodramatic behaviour. The male attitude appears to be inculcated by an exaggeration of the methods employed in British public schools : that is to say, by elaborate and extremely painful ceremonies of initiation carried out not with dignity or Spartan austerity but in a spirit of irresponsible bullying and swagger. The boys who are cruelly scarred all down their backs are handed over to bigger boys to be systematically slapped and bullied and treated like dirt. Their reward is to play the part of bullies themselves in their turn. And even before initiation, when the boy is too small to lift a spear, he will be made to commit his first ceremonial homicide on a helpless bound captive, being helped in this by his maternal uncle, though the child gets all the glory of the killing. And this brings us to the *Naven* ceremonies themselves.

* * *

When any individual performs a notable and creditable act, of which homicide ranks highest, he is called a *laua* and is the object of a congratulatory ceremony, or visit by his *wau*, the male relatives of his mother, or persons who rank as such in the clan system, who dress up in women's clothes and act with grotesque buffoonery.

> They put on the most filthy old tousled skirts such as only the ugliest and most decrepit widows might wear and like widows they were smeared with ashes. On their heads they wore tattered old capes which were beginning to unravel and to fall to pieces with age and decay. Their bellies were bound with string like those of pregnant women. In their noses they wore, suspended in place of the little triangles of mother-of-pearl shell which women wear on festive occasions, large triangular lumps of old sago pancakes, the stale orts of a long past meal. In this disgusting costume and with absolutely grave faces, the two " mothers " hobbled about the village . . . the children greeted these figures with screams of laughter and thronged around the two " mothers," following wherever they went and bursting into new shrieks whenever, in their feebleness, they stumbled and fell. . . .

The ceremony has many aspects which include a claim on the part of the maternal clan to the honour of the *laua's* deed, and to his loyalty. At the same time the buffoonery expresses the male contempt for women and their sentiment. But when a girl performs a notable deed she is the object of congratulation by the appropriate female relatives who dress up as men, wearing the grandest male ornaments and bearing themselves with exaggerated male swagger.

> This costume was very becoming to the women and was admired by the men. In it the women were very proud of themselves. They walked about flaunting their feathers and grating their lime sticks in the boxes, producing the loud sound which men use to express anger, pride and assertiveness.

Mr. Bateson compares this dressing up with the male costume worn by English women when riding or hunting, and as being adopted when engaged in a symbolically masterful act. *Naven* is a book which must be read half a dozen times ; the importance of the author's contribution far transcends the odd ceremonies which called it forth. Perhaps the most valuable and original chapter is that in which Mr. Bateson discusses the historian's approach to culture and the influence of a culture in standardising human psychology, stressing certain potentialities and suppressing others. Many of his ideas are extremely original, and he certainly shows that cultural anthropology can make an important contribution to the study of individual psychology.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Fire and the Fiddle. By WYNYARD BROWNE. *Cobden Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Jost. By RUDOLF KUHN. *Hodge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Street of the Fishing Cat. By JOLANDA FÖLDES. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Christmas lull, during which the great English public has been living, instead of buying, its favourite kind of novel, is supposed to be over, but it seems to make very little difference. English, Swiss and Hungarian—the examples for to-day have been the only three, after three weeks, that I can recommend with proper confidence.

Of these, *The Fire and the Fiddle* is not the best, but it is possibly the most enjoyable. It has two flaws, which shall be noted, and done with, at the outset. Firstly, the "moral" is dowdy to a degree: it is concerned with the notion that good painters are inevitably ruined by doing commercial work. The hero's father was, and, annoyingly enough, so is the hero. The second fault has to do with the presentation of this hero's sensible, man-of-the-worldish cicerone and historian, "I," whom I take to be the author himself. The whole story is related by "I," and "I" am a little inclined to "smile maliciously" when passing remarks. "I" am snooty, rather. This leads "me," for instance, to the conviction that Bloomsbury is madly unfashionable. Again, when compelled to penetrate what is presumably an ordinarily smelly lodging-house west of the Tottenham Court Road, "I retched, and was forced to stand still, clinging to the banisters. . ." Mr. Browne, in fact, is a thought genteel. These strayings are all the more of a pity precisely because much of his documentation is so alive and just. The pleasure of reading him, as a matter of fact, is largely due to his knack of seeing familiar figures—the Colonel-type is one—with such an exceptionally accurate eye. Stock characters must be refreshingly up-to-the-minute if they are to tell, and Mr. Browne's are. The novel centres upon a talented young Communist painter, Stephen Lamb, who wishes to marry Jean, the simplish daughter of a martial country family. She refuses to acquiesce until he can earn £400 a year, which he, in turn, refuses to do "just to keep her in lipstick she doesn't need." Most of the volume occupies itself with the various brands of interference provided by friends and relations, many of whom are excellently drawn. Stephen's visit to Jean's house is on a simple, but entertaining note:

> "Do tell me," said Polly, "who is that frightful man in the black gym-shoes?"
> "Stephen Lamb. He's a painter."
> "Why the hell," asked Nipper, "does he look so angry all the time?"
> "Because he doesn't like the Capitalist System," I said.
> "What's that?" asked Nipper.
> "The private ownership of the means of production," I explained.
> "Oh, God! Well, there's no need to get all hit up about it during Tennis, is there?"

The Colonel explains Bolshevism, by the Pyramids, and his idea of a joke is to plant Countess Clanwilliam next to Climbing Mrs. Herbert Stevens in the rose-garden. Stephen sees the coming struggle for power in everything, from passing aircraft to the B.B.C., and eventually matters reach such a pass that the Colonel expires in a fit, a situation which, in less able hands than the author's, might well have proved fatally farcical.

The Fire and the Fiddle is an unusual novel because it is truly contemporary. It is by no means a masterpiece, but it deals amusingly and observantly with the social developments that all educated people see around them, and talk about, but, for some reason, are not often given the opportunity of reading about. Americans are. Central Europe is. We aren't. Mr. Browne, therefore, deserves many congratulations. Perhaps if he will buy a small bottle of smelling salts before writing it, his next book will deserve still more.

The Swiss prize novel for 1935, *Jost*, took twenty years to write. It is, in the best sense, imposing. It is rewarding in ideas. Often, it evokes a strange, huge beauty. I ask myself how, indeed, I am to convey the warning that it is not everybody's book. To begin with, it is so uncompromisingly alpine in every way. One could imagine that several novels have been piled on top of one another, and in spite of this, one suspects that vast slices have been removed. Characters whisk on to its giant landscape with unexplained speed, giving the impression that they were there all the time, but were never properly introduced: sometimes, for a change, they unaccountably vanish. The tone, the scope, the tempo—all these, moreover, have something of that Swiss seriousness which is so much more serious than any other kind of seriousness. I have often noticed myself that what, elsewhere, is an ordinary, familiar action—say, that of a man seating himself—can become, in Switzerland, a convulsion of nature. The Swiss, whom I admire, seem to be in some way larger, squarer, colder, louder and heavier than anybody else. So it is with *Jost*.

To those, on the other hand, who are ready for something really nourishing and substantial, I can suggest no new volume that will be more worth their while. The main theme is the struggle for self-awareness on the part of the peasant. George, the child of mountain farmers under the Gotthard, sees his life changing with the introduction of the electric power station. His countryside becomes the battleground of old against new values, of ignorant wisdom, as one might say, against questionable knowledge. Undismayed by his Tolstoyan scale, Herr Kuhn marshals all the possible forces and sets them in motion, the Church, Sex, Money, Revolution. At times, it all becomes as formless and overpowering as one of the storms that fill its pages, but the figure of George, the first intellectual of his stock, is never quite abandoned. Through the ceaseless reverberations of Hödleresque peasants, dynamos, Zürich cavalry, and avalanches, his meaning increases. He succeeds, before the end, in synthesising his present with the past of his ancestors.

Among the details, I should like to add that there are interesting passages on Switzerland during the War. They describe the half-articulate peasant resentment against Berne and Zurich, the former the profiteers' clearing-house for war material, and the latter the spy headquarters of the world. One is reminded of the immense reserves of left-wing feeling that Switzerland conceals. No better pages are to be found in this book than those devoted to the Zurich strikes. This is the first novel Messrs. Hodge have published for ten years. It is an enterprising and creditable choice.

The Street of the Fishing Cat is published under even more august auspices than *Jost*, being a £4,000 European prize novel. (The *Fondation Schiller Suisse* only awards one thousand francs.) Mr. Walpole, Mr. Joseph Wood Crutch and other distinguished

GIVE HER AN INCOME FOR LIFE

The Widow's Pension Policy provides an income in the event of your death before or after retirement age. If you provide your widow with an Income by means of this policy you can say with certainty that the financial future of your family is secure. To provide an adequate income by means of the interest on a capital sum would require a greater amount than the average man can accumulate, but by means of the Widow's Pension Policy you can assure quite a substantial Income for a moderate outlay. If at 60 or 65 you feel the protection is no longer required you receive back the greater part of premiums paid. Here is a simple means whereby you can make sure that your widow will never want. Obtain a detailed illustration showing benefits and cost applicable to your own case by quoting your age next birthday to the

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.
Head Office: 10 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.
General Manager: W. A. WORKMAN, F.I.A.
Established 1836. Assets exceed £36,000,000

authorities composed the International Committee of Judges; simultaneous publication of a quarter of a million copies has been arranged, and the Book Guild of America and the movies, have already begun their beneficent operations. Heaven knows that no little word of mine can possibly be heard above the deepening hosannas, but all the same, I shall say it, and it is Nerts. Nerts to everybody, all round, except the authoress. I make her an exception because the book has its points, two of them being that it is worth reading, and therefore reviewing. To have made such a fuss of it is, however, dotty.

It is true that, in the earlier part, one gets an uneasy feeling that this is going to be one of those comfort novels. We are introduced to a family of Hungarian *émigrés*, the Barabás, who are trying to earn their livings in Paris—the cat doesn't really fish, which is such a relief; it's only the name of a street—after the War, and there seems a grave danger that everyone is going to be brave and sweet, and find it fearfully bracing to be poor. Fraulein Földes' style, with her constant moralising, augments one's forebodings. Her characters are often introduced, for the first time, in the most ominous way:

> Then Vassily appears, and suddenly everybody feels a shade more at home in this alien world. Even in your country you would feel more at home with the knowledge that Vassily was near.

As one perseveres, however, things in general turn out to be a little less spiffing, and very much more real. Sentences brighten up. "Besides, everyone is a democrat abroad." There arrive a series of admirable pictures of international *émigré* life as it existed, and still exists, in its historic capital. A charming ex-minister, whose journalism grows less and less in demand. The spectacle of a whole national community losing its jobs because of some anti-French move on the part of its home government: Anna, the heroine, loses hers twice on this account. The book increases steadily in quality as one reads on, and, at the end, one is aware of having looked—not deeply, or long—but at least of having looked, into another and extraordinary world, the world governed by that greatest of levellers, Emigration.

BRIAN HOWARD

A MODERN OEDIPUS

The Infernal Machine. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by CARL WILDMAN. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Oedipus is the hero of our time, the mirror in which each of us is taught painfully to recognise himself, the pattern, we are assured, which determines automatically our attitudes to women and money and governments and God. In taking this subject for his tragedy, Monsieur Cocteau shows himself once more as very much *un enfant de son siècle*. But whereas Gide's play about Oedipus shows that he has read his Freud, Cocteau seems much more vaguely aware of the significance now attached to the myth. *The Infernal Machine* made me curious to examine the other plays on the subject. The tragedies by Aeschylus and Euripides are lost, but after reading Seneca, Corneille, Dryden and Voltaire, I think it is undeniable that since Sophocles it is Cocteau who has treated the story most imaginatively.

Voltaire, whose *Oedipe* is an astonishingly brilliant affair—he was only nineteen when he wrote it—includes in his preface a long criticism of Sophocles: if Sophocles had lived in eighteenth-century France he would no doubt have done much better. As it is, the contempt in which Greek tragedies are held, he says, is unjust, and they undoubtedly are worth reading. But what a tissue of improbabilities the *Oedipus Rex* contains! How could Oedipus have remained ignorant of the circumstances of his predecessor's death? Tiresias's prophecy at the end of his first interview with Oedipus "entirely ends the play at the beginning of the second act," etc., etc. All of which is pretty true and perfectly irrelevant. The Athenian audience knew the story as well as a Christian knows the story of the Passion which is re-enacted in every Mass. What they cared for was not probability but poetry and the re-creation of dramatic situations. The plot incidentally was inherited from a primitive society, which condemned men for their acts irrespective of their intentions, an attitude which was already disappearing in the time of Sophocles, who in the *Oedipus Coloneus* is at pains to emphasise the real innocence of his hero. And if Voltaire had pressed his criticism a little further, he could have shown how unreasonable it was of Oedipus to blind himself, since both his parricide and incest were unintended accidents.

The Oedipus story, shorn of its choruses, provides material hardly for a curtain-raiser. So Corneille, and following him Dryden and Voltaire, found it necessary to invent a sub-plot. Corneille introduces Theseus as a pretender to the hand of Laius's daughter, and puts him under suspicion of being Jocasta's lost child. Dryden also introduces a daughter of Laius, but makes her uncle Creon in love with her. Voltaire introduces Philoctetes, an ancient admirer of Jocasta who is still in love with him; and places the action only four years after her marriage with Oedipus, no doubt so that she should still be young enough for her passion to excite sympathy. Finally Gide makes the two sons of Oedipus and Jocasta lust after their two sisters! Cocteau will have none of such inventions. He prefers to sacrifice the unities, and begins the story during the depredations of the Sphinx with a sentry scene on the battlements, and the warning ghost of the dead king. (Seneca in his violent but frigid play raises the ghost of Laius off stage, and Dryden brings him on to make a speech modelled on that of Hamlet's father; but I doubt if M. Cocteau has read Seneca's *Oedipus* and I am confident that he has not read Dryden's.) Jocasta is heavily made up, and talks with "the international accent of royalty." She flirts with the young sentry, and remarks that he is just the age her son would have been. She trips on her scarf, and cries impatiently "It will be the death of me." (The play is punctuated with these warnings, like the ticking of the clockwork which is to explode a bomb.) When her husband's ghost appears, she can neither see nor hear him. The second act is simultaneous in time with the first. Oedipus meets the Sphinx, who is a beautiful girl, as well as an immortal goddess. She loves him, paralyses him with her spells, tells him the secret, and lets him afterwards repeat correctly the answer, so that he carries her corpse in triumph to Thebes. The weaving of the spell is an extraordinary piece of imaginative eloquence. Act III. The bedroom of Oedipus and Jocasta on their wedding-night. "They are very tired and heavy with sleep. In spite of a few hints and civilities on the part of destiny, sleep will prevent them seeing the trap which is closing on them." Jocasta still has her baby's cradle by her bedside. They drop into uneasy dream-haunted snatches of sleep. The clockwork is ticking with the ruthlessness of a machine. (Dryden also managed these effects: his Jocasta cries happily to Oedipus:

> And when I have you in my Arms, methinks
> I lull my Child asleep.)

The last act is seventeen years later, and the action follows Sophocles fairly closely. A messenger from Corinth and the old shepherd who had exposed the baby slowly reveal the truth, pressed by the impatient Oedipus, who cries, "I have killed whom I should not. I have married whom I should not. I have perpetuated what I should not." Jocasta has hanged herself with her scarf, and the child Antigone appears on the balcony to describe Oedipus stabbing at his eyes with the queen's gold brooch.

To end the play Cocteau has imagined a scene as effective as it is audacious. Oedipus is departing, guided by Antigone, when:

> Jocasta appears in the doorway. Jocasta dead, white, beautiful, with closed eyes. Her long scarf is wound round her neck.
>
> *Oedipus:* Jocasta! You, dear! You alive?
>
> *Jocasta:* No, Oedipus, I am dead. You can see me because you are blind.
>
> *Oed.:* Tiresias is blind.
>
> *Joc.:* Perhaps he can see me faintly . . . but he loves me, he won't say anything.
>
> *Oed.:* Wife, do not touch me.
>
> *Joc.:* Your wife is dead, hanged, Oedipus. I am your mother. It's your mother who's coming to help you. How would you even get down the steps alone, my poor child?
>
> *Oed.:* Mother!
>
> *Joc.:* Yes, my child, my little boy. Things which appear abominable to human beings, if only you knew, from the place where I live, if only you knew how unimportant they are!

And he goes, led by Antigone and Jocasta, who speak simultaneously the same words. "Careful, count the steps—one, two, three, four, five. . . ."

Very ungreek? Of course—as ungreek as the audience for whom it is written: the story of Oedipus requires continual restoration. Cocteau has introduced no new elements except Anubis, the jackal-god attendant on the Sphinx, but he has explored the character of Jocasta, and given contemporary overtones to many of the incidents. One of the sentries imagines the Sphinx to be a man with a beard and a belly (like Landru or the Butcher of Hanover). Jocasta's scarf reminds us of Phèdre:

> Tout m'afflige et me nuit, et conspire à me nuire,

and at the same time of the scarf which caught in a wheel and strangled Isadora Duncan. The variations in language between

colloquialism and high poetic simplicity are managed with extraordinary tact. Only in the spell of the Sphinx does the style, very appropriately, become precious and elaborate. A prologue explains the title :

> Spectator, this machine you see here wound up to the full in such a way that the spring will slowly unwind the whole length of a human life, is one of the most perfect constructed by the infernal gods for the mathematical destruction of a mortal.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, reviewing the Stage Society production of this translation, wrote : " To-day it is through the conception of the unconscious as a dark irrational power which steers us from birth, that we share most intimately the Greek conception of Fate." Without the grace of faith it is, I think, impossible to believe in Free Will. The Greek, the Freudian and the rationalist agree with the Calvinist. Let me quote as an epigraph to the play a passage from the Westminster Confession :

> By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

The English translation of *La Machine Infernale* is excellent, though a number of small verbal improvements are possible. (" Amusant " should be " cute " rather than " entertaining " ; a " boîte " in a poor quarter is surely a dance-hall rather than a night-club ; Oedipus " au pied du mur " is " cornered " rather than " up against the wall," and " praticable " means " accessible " rather than " real.") But Mr. Wildman almost always shows great taste in the peculiarly tricky business of finding English equivalents for Cocteau's neat, risky tight-rope turns of speech. Mr. Esmé Percy produced the play in London for two performances with the most brilliant results. It is no doubt hopeless to expect any ordinary West End manager to touch anything so beautiful. But is there no hope that the Gate Theatre or even the Old Vic will give Mr. Percy's production the chance of a run ? In my humble opinion *The Infernal Machine* is incomparably the most satisfying play by a living man that I have ever had the luck to see.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

CULTURE AND PHILOSOPHY OF INDIA

A Short History of India. By W. H. MORELAND and Sir A. C. CHATTERJEE. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hindu Civilisation. By RADHAKUMUD MOOKERJI. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Contemporary Indian Philosophy. Edited by Sir S. RADHAKRISHNAN and J. H. MUIRHEAD. *Allen and Unwin Library of Philosophy.* 16*s.*

There comes a time in the life of adults when battles, murders, royal persons and their marriages, constitutions and their niceties, treaties and their provisions, the very life-blood of history as we knew it at school, cease any longer to appear to us to be important. What, we now want to know, what was the thought, what the culture of those who preceded us ? In particular, what line did they take in regard to the questions that still agitate us, the origin and destiny of man, the purpose—if any—and constitution of the universe, the nature of the human soul ?

For those whose interest lies in the thought rather than in the actions of their predecessors, India is *par excellence* the country for study. Its history in the ordinary sense of the term is undistinguished. *A Short History of India* and *Hindu Civilisation* have the usual story to tell, a story which contains the customary allowance of invasions, battles, insurrections, empires, republics and royalties. *A Short History of India* does, indeed, specialise in the social and economic development of the country. Written by two authors who have themselves been personally concerned in the administration of India during the present century—W. H. Moreland was a distinguished Indian civil servant, while Sir A. Chatterjee served as a member of the Viceroy's Council in India, was High Commissioner in London and is now a member of the Secretary of State for India's Council—it has a particularly valuable chapter on the events of the last twenty years. The authors, who are sympathetic to Indian ideals and appreciative of Indian culture, have written a moderate, balanced, sensible work which strikes the lay reader with an impressive effect of authority, but I cannot find that the story that they have to tell differs in important respects from the other stories of mankind.

Radhakumud Mookerji is professor of Indian History at the University of Lucknow. His *Hindu Civilisation* carries the history of India from prehistoric times up to the establishment of the Maurya Empire in the fifth century B.C. The early history of India is at once more distinctive and distinguished. There are fewer murders, battles and invasions. Instead, there are those recently excavated cities at Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus valley which, having dwelling-houses, shrines and public baths—one of them, the Great Bath, covers an enormous area—are, nevertheless, without walls, fortifications or weapons, an omission which has suggested to some modern thinkers that the early life of man was not always brutish and short, but attained, in certain civilisations, a serene and tranquil security whose continuance depended upon the practice of a psychological technique which has now, unfortunately, been lost. The Golden Age, it seems, was once a fact, at least on the banks of the Indus. During these early centuries the Caste system is established on the basis of a principle which, according to Professor Mookerji, is lamentably misunderstood—the Caste system, he tells us, chiefly concerned men's private, domestic and religious lives and not their public lives—the doctrine of non-violence, "Ahimsa," is enunciated, the individual's life is divided into four stages, that of the student, the householder, the hermit and the ascetic, and the Brahminical religion gives to Hindu culture its peculiar flavour.

It is, as I have already suggested, the culture of India that matters ; matters perhaps more than culture matters in the history of any other people, because Indian culture was more pervasive and more universally accepted than that of any other people, because, as Professor Mookerji puts it, " this distinctive Indian culture in course of time so far unified the country that the country and the culture came to be identified and became synonymous terms. The country was the culture and the culture the country, the kingdom of the spirit, transcending territorial limits."

Now of Indian culture, Indian religion and Indian philosophy are at once the source and the consummation—a circumstance which gives to the appearance of a book on *Contemporary Indian Philosophy* an interest which is not purely academic. *Contemporary Indian Philosophy* succeeds two volumes recently added to the Library of Philosophy on contemporary English and contemporary American philosophy. Let it be said at once that it is a

REIMANN SCHOOL & STUDIOS
OF COMMERCIAL & INDUSTRIAL ART
LONDON
Principal
AUSTIN COOPER

Departments :—
DISPLAY
COMMERCIAL ART
FASHION AND DRESSMAKING
PHOTOGRAPHY
FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

OPENING EXHIBITION
(JAN 13 - JAN 30)
showing the building, its equipment, and work of members of the London teaching staff and of Students of the famous Reimann School, Berlin.

● WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS, Department G.12, for particulars of day and evening Classes, REIMANN SCHOOL, 4-10 Regency Street, London, S.W.1

worthy successor. Of the thirteen contributors, not one falls below the high level of scholarship set in the preceding volumes.

Indian philosophy is distinguished from the philosophy of the West by two characteristics. In the first place, it assumes the existence of a central body of revealed truth contained in the Vedas and the Upanisads. It does not question this truth, but elucidates and comments upon it. It is thus a rubric rather than a free inquiry, resembling the Christian scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages, or the Marxist philosophy of the twentieth century. It differs from them in having endured for a much longer period, roughly for 3,000 years, and having commanded the assent of a larger number of minds. To-day, a few are at last breaking away. Some of the contributions to the present volume, for example, might have been written by philosophers of any age or country. The majority, however, still confine their speculations within the bounds of the truth revealed in the Hindu religion. What is that truth?

Reality is One. This One is spiritual and personal. The world of everyday things being plural and material is, therefore, in some sense illusory. Nevertheless, it is an offspring, or emanation from the spiritual One, although the manner of its emanation is a mystery. Man has two selves: a real and an apparent. By virtue of the real self he participates even now in the One and is, therefore, timeless and immortal. The real self is, however, hampered and obscured by the everyday self which is tied to the world of phenomena. Ultimately, after many lives, this everyday self will fall away or be transcended; only the real self will remain, and this will be incorporated in the One. Such is the destiny of all living souls.

The other distinguishing feature of Indian philosophy is its relation to practice. Indian philosophy is not a body of knowledge to be acquired; it prescribes a life to be lived. As Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the Editor of the present volume, puts it: "To the Indian mind philosophy is essentially practical, dealing as it does with the fundamental anxieties of human beings, which are more insistent than abstract speculations." This insistence upon the practical application of Indian philosophy is not surprising since, if the central affirmations of its metaphysical system are true, they enjoin upon those who accept them a certain kind of life. They are required for instance to love, to be tolerant and to subordinate the satisfaction of the grosser appetites to the development of the spirit. It is a high ideal, but to judge from all accounts, the practice of Indians conforms to it little better than the practice of Christians. Let me again quote Sir S. Radhakrishnan: "In our anxiety to have no temporal possessions and spend our days in communion with spirit, the essential duty of service to man has been neglected. Religion may start with the individual but it must end in a fellowship. The essential interpenetration of God and the world, ideals and facts, is the cardinal principle of Hinduism and it requires us to bring salvation to the world." For the average Hindu, indeed, even more than for most of us, religion seems to mean that it is always jam to-morrow. C. E. M. JOAD

Even the hatchet-faced

New Statesman reader might well allow himself to forget for a while the school leaving age, the distressed areas, the war in Spain (got your copy of *Spanish Front* yet?) and other contemporary black spots, in favour of Ian Dall's happy and delightful picture of childhood in South America, *Sun Before Seven*—a completely unsentimental reconstruction, detailed enough to excite even a "child-psychologist" (the most hatchet-faced of us all). Howard Spring, Gerard Hopkins, Humbert Wolfe, Wilfrid Gibson, Elizabeth Bowen and many others join us in praising this book, which has quietly made a great many friends since it was published last autumn. With 52 sketches by the author and, remember, no lumps in the throat.

Sun Before Seven, by Ian Dall, 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

MORLAND TRAINED?

How to Write Detective Novels. By NIGEL MORLAND. *Allen and Unwin.* 2*s.*

Murder in the Flagship. By P. WALKER TAYLOR. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Tangled Miracle. By HUXLEY HEARNE. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Magic Lantern Murders. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Brothers Sackville. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Murder in Fiji. By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Bonfire Body. By CHRISTOPHER BUSH. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This Delicate Murder. By HENRIETTA CLANDON. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Photocrimes. By MILESON HORTON and THOMAS PEMBROKE. *Barker.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

As if the profession were not already crowded to the brim, along comes a little practical handbook which will make it even easier to become a detective writer than it was before. Mr. Nigel Morland, the author of it, makes no pretence of treating his subject as an art. He says it is a craft, and a craft that can be taught; and once you have been taught, see page 19! "The writer can enter a highly competitive market with good hopes of success." I feared as much, the moment I saw the book. The trade secret is given away; any amateur may hope to write a successful detective story by hard work on the lines of Mr. Morland's curriculum. And who is going to read all these successful works? Why, the amateurs themselves! That is what is so glorious and what we have all been so slow to realise. Turn to page 13. "Study must be systematic. As many published detective books as possible must be read with a definite purpose." Provided we all write hard enough and read hard enough there need never come a saturation point in this idyllic world of "organised output." How we have been neglecting our wide potential public out of sheer laziness! And what an implicit reproach I felt when in Miss Clandon's *This Delicate Murder* the heroine made the mysterious remark, "It's the suspense that is trying. Almost worse than waiting for Partridge's great detective novel to come out."

But although most of Mr. Morland's counsels of detection are admirably simple and convincing, there is a point at which I completely disapprove of him, where he asserts "All writers of detective fiction agree that the actual writing is the least difficult part of all," Sir, this is grievous news. It may account for the fact that the actual reading is often the most difficult, for the deadly jog-trot of pedestrian prose kills our interest before the plot has time to develop. In the seven novels on this list, for instance, only Mr. Carter Dickson wields a lively pen, like that of Edgar Wallace. Mr. Morland owns to a profound admiration for Wallace. But Wallace's great power was not in his thrills nor in his plots, but in that strong rush of words which makes all the action seem swift, all the argument intelligent and all the characters alive.

Murder in the Flagship might well have been written by a pupil of Mr. Morland. Mr. Walker Taylor has chosen a setting with which he is familiar—Simonstown, the naval port in South Africa—and envelops his crime in the atmosphere of routine on a warship, which he appears to know from A to Z. There is a dinner party on board the flagship preparatory to a dance at Admiralty House on shore. The First Lieutenant disgraces himself at the party by getting drunk, is ordered to his cabin and found with his throat cut twenty minutes later. The whole book

MARGARET IRWIN

The Story of

Rupert of the Rhine

THE STRANGER PRINCE

¶ Margaret Irwin's work has now been three times honoured by The Book Society. Her splendid new Romance is their Choice for January 1937. *The Proud Servant* (5th. Impression) was their alternative Fiction Choice for November 1934: while *Royal Flush* (9th. Impression) was the Choice for June 1932.

OVER 600 PAGES: 8s. 6d. net

CHATTO & WINDUS: 40-42 CHANDOS STREET: LONDON W.C.2

Unrivalled for
Stories, Articles, Poems.

THE
CORNHILL
MAGAZINE

appears in January in a

new typographical form

Give it to your friends here and overseas.
A year's subscription is 20/- including postage.

* * *"No magazine has ever obtained such a continuous success."*—SIR CHARTRES BIRON.

JOHN MURRAY

JOHN & EDWARD
BUMPUS
LIMITED
477 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

GOOD READING FOR 1937

Visit Bumpus regularly throughout the year, and keep in touch with the best new books.

THE STATE AND THE STANDARD OF LIVING

By GERTRUDE WILLIAMS, Lecturer in Economics, Bedford College for Women. 12s. 6d.

Times Literary Supplement.—"Indeed it seems true to say that there is scarcely a dull page, nor yet an injudicious remark, in the whole of this close-knit narrative of facts and opinions during the last quarter of a century . . . her book should become a standard work of knowledge that is far from general, but all-important for almost every member of the community."

ABOLISH SLUMPS:
A Diagnosis of the Trade Cycle

By A. W. KNIGHT 6s.

Dealing with one of the most important problems of our time—the cause of depressions and mass unemployment—the author makes a new and valuable contribution to his subject; *valuable* because the work has, unlike so many books in this field, been rigorously tested against the facts and phenomena of reality; and *new* because, showing how mass-unemployment is generated, it explains why victims of the system are needed in definite numbers, to save it from collapse.

Ready Shortly

The POSITION of WOMEN in CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

By FRANCES I. CLARK 12s. 6d.

This book is an attempt to give a comprehensive survey of the place of Frenchwomen in modern society. It treats the subject from an economic, educational, legal, religious and political point of view. Throughout the work the author has tried to show the rate of evolution of one of the world powers as this is reflected in the treatment of an important part of the community.

P. S. King & Son, Ltd.
Westminster

is devoted to the gradual elucidation of the relative positions occupied by the rest of the party during those twenty minutes, with a plan of a couple of decks of the flagship to assist. Mr. Walker-Taylor has made his crime so perfect that he is at a loss to get it properly solved, so in the end the criminal confesses how it was done. That is the only technical blemish in as neat a piece of work as one would expect from the Senior Service.

The Tangled Miracle also has an unfamiliar setting. The high priestess of a religious sect believes in Assumption, so she goes to sleep naked on a bed of black velvet in the temple, waiting to be spirited up to Heaven. On the night fixed for her departure she vanishes, but Mortimer Hood, a psychical research investigator, prefers to work out a material rather than a supernatural theory for her disappearance. As a novelty readers may enjoy this rather exciting and competently written contribution from America.

Mr. Carter Dickson is now styled "one of the Big Five," yet I still think of him as one of the Great Twin Brethren—Mr. Dickson Carr, of course, being the other. But he deserves a new title of honour for *The Magic Lantern Murders*, which I regard as his masterpiece up to date. Plot is superimposed upon plot until the reader grows dizzy at their height; the speed is stupendous and the characters grotesque as only Mr. Dickson can make them. But the logical substratum is always present; and although crucial evidence is left to the last, by that time the author has done his work so well in producing mental confusion that this reader could not appreciate its true value. Consequently I took the solution quietly on the chin and was almost stunned.

In *The Brothers Sackville*, *Murder in Fiji* and *The Case of the Bonfire Body*, the authors attempt to victimise us with the confidence trick, indulging in the two variants; (i) the defect of the untested alibi, and (ii) the fraud of the familiar face passing unrecognised. I will not join them in breaking the Code Morland of the profession by saying which book contains which variant, but one of the three contains both: you have been warned. It is deplorable that writers as clever as the Coles should deliberately choose to be so unscrupulous. *The Brothers Sackville* is brilliant in many ways, full of amusing characters and neat situations, but everything is sacrificed to the plucking of the pigeon-reader. I condole with Inspector Tom Fairford, the Coles' new detective, on his first introduction to such malpractices; no wonder he is made a fool of. *Murder in Trinidad* had a great success with its exotic mangrove swamps. There are no more swamps in *Murder in Fiji*, but there is a tropical river and a coral reef to make us feel far from home. Mr. Vandercook is happier with local colour than with the niceties of plot; but, ignorant as I am of Fiji, I am surprised that its local detective talent felt so baffled by a series of three murders that Bertram Lynch had to be fetched all the way from Geneva to clear up the situation. In *The Case of the Bonfire Body* we return to Metroland, where a headless, handless body is found in a bonfire on November 5th. Mr. Bush and his detective, Ludovic Travers, solve an ingenious and complicated crime by very dubious methods. There is a promising moment when the hand of the bonfire body commits another crime after its owner's demise, but somehow in spite of all the motor cars dashing round on foggy nights the story lacks pace.

Miss Clandon's *This Delicate Murder* is rather a disappointment; the criminal is too obvious and the setting, a collection of literary people at a shooting party where the host gets shot, is not very enlivening.

Photocrimes contains twenty-six crimes represented in a series of photographs which are meant to provide an intelligence test to the reader. The idea is excellent within its limits, but for its success it depends not only on clever photography, but on perfect reproduction. Unfortunately the process employed in *Photocrimes* (which appeared originally in *Weekly Illustrated*) is not up to the highest level obtainable.

The book I am now waiting for and which I hope will appear early in the New Year is Mr. Morland's *How to Write Reviews of Detective Stories*.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

WRITE for booklet explaining how you can obtain an interest yield of 5¼% from an investment in FIRST PROVINCIAL "B" Certificates in amounts from £25 upwards

Custodian Trustees: MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE CO. LTD.

Write for booklet to FIRST PROVINCIAL FIXED TRUST LTD. 21, Spring Gardens, Manchester 2

Member of Unit Trusts Association

THE SYMBOL OF SECURITY

Ashburners

HENRIETTA-MARIA

Henrietta-Maria. By CAROLA OMAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s.*

A biography of Henrietta-Maria de Bourbon, Princess of France and one of the most courageous and most ill-advised of England's queens, is long overdue. It is impossible to understand the circumstances that led to the great revolution and its tragic culmination without also understanding the character and motives of the strong-minded little French Roman Catholic whose influence was the paramount force in the life of Charles I.

With the wealth of material at her disposal and the vivid personality of her subject, it was impossible to make the life story of Henrietta-Maria uninteresting. The dry bones stirred of their own accord. Yet Miss Oman has managed to prevent their coming to life. If she had been less disdainful of what the "gossip-mongers" had to offer, the dry bones might have breathed. She would have given them, at least, the air they were accustomed to. The "gossip" of a French ambassador, whose wife was one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting during those first troubled years, is not to be despised. It was the horseshoe nail that lost the battle. It is only by illumination of the characters of its makers that history becomes more than a mere chronicle of events, disconnected, unexplained, even inexplicable. Miss Oman dismisses the quarrels and misunderstandings between Charles and his Queen during the first years of their married life, the effects of which extended like those of a pebble dropped in a quiet pond, as "unworthy of record, save for the light they throw upon the character of the combatants."

Perhaps with a view to avoiding offence to either Protestant or Catholic, Miss Oman has also neglected the religious *motif* that ran through the life of Henrietta-Maria from beginning to end, from her arrival in England, a fifteen-year-old bride, with the Pope's exhortation in her mind that she go to the heretic land as the Esther of her oppressed people, till, at the age of sixty, she took the sleeping draught under which she slept forever, in order to be well enough to go to early morning mass. She never forgot her solemn assurance to the King of France, her brother, repeated in almost exact phraseology to the Pope, that:

> . . . as I desire religiously to keep and observe Your Majesty's sincere intentions as well in what concerns me and mine as in what may be useful and advantageous to the religion and to the Catholics of Great Britain, I give Your Majesty my faith and word of conscience that if so be that it please God to bless this marriage so as to give me the favour of progeny, I will make no selection of persons to serve and bring up the children who may be born, except from Catholics; I will only give the charge of choosing these officers to

PEOPLE OF THE YEAR

YOUR SELECTION

Readers of the "New Statesman" are invited to suggest alternative names to those selected by the Editors of "NEWS REVIEW," Britain's First Weekly news magazine, and published under the title "People of the Year."

Here is the list: Do you believe these people to have been outstanding in the sections enumerated? If not, what are your own selections?

HOME

Man of the Year: *Duke of Windsor.*
Books: *Georges Duhamel.*
Business: *John Maxwell.*
Cinema: *Robert Taylor.*
Crime: *George A. McMahon.*
Empire: *Lt.-Gen. John Dill.*
Law: *Sir Donald Somervell.*
Medicine: *Dr. Ernest Harrisson.*
Music: *John Barbirolli.*
Politics: *Stanley Baldwin.*
Press: *Lord Camrose.*
Radio: *Richard Lambert.*
Religion: *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Science: *Sir John Orr.*
Sport: *Jesse Owens.*
Theatre: *Elisabeth Bergner.*
Woman of the Year: *Mrs. Simpson.*

ABROAD

Abyssinia: *Haile Selassie.*
Austria: *Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg.*
Belgium: *Leon Degrelle.*
China: *Chang Hsueh-liang.*
Egypt: *Nahas Pasha.*
France: *Leon Blum.*
Germany: *Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.*
Greece: *Gen. John Metaxas.*
Hungary: *Admiral Horthy.*
Italy: *Marshal Pietro Badoglio.*
Japan: *Admiral Okada.*
Poland: *Gen. Ridz-Smigly.*
Russia: *Marshal Voroschiloff.*
S. America: *Dr. C. S. Lamas.*
Spain: *General Franco.*
Turkey: *Kemal Ataturk.*
U.S.A.: *F. D. Roosevelt.*
Woman of the Year: *Dolores Ibarurri.*

Check over this list, make your suggestions, and send them for publication to the Editor, "News Review," 48, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

THE LONDON

MERCURY

AND BOOKMAN

1s. 1s.

Edited by R. A. Scott-James

JANUARY

W. B. Yeats

A NEW BALLAD POEM.

OTHER POEMS by Jack Lindsay, John Pudney, Richard Church and A. S. J. Tessimond.

Robert Nichols

"The Power of Music," concerning the mind and personality of the blind musician, Delius, of whom Mr. Nichols was an intimate friend.

Ignazio Silone

The Italian novelist, author of "Fontamara," diagnoses the Italian "disease of rhetoric."

Bruno Frank

A long short story in Herr Frank's characteristic manner.

Margaret Masterman

A parody in verse, with apologies to the author of "Murder in the Cathedral."

Thomas Jones

The former Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet discusses "Cabinet Government."

Martin Cooper

In "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum" this young musical critic turns his attention to poetry.

FOUR PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

including a specially drawn portrait of Miss Rosamund Lehmann by SAVA, also Woodcuts, including Clare Leighton's "Firewood in Georgia."

REVIEWS by:—H. W. Nevinson, R. C. K. Ensor, R. A. Scott-James, Stephen Spender, Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, R. A. Duncan, Hugh I'A Fausset, S. N. Hampshire, Edith Shackleton, Arnold Palmer, Maxwell Garnett, F. A. Barrett, and others.

CRITIQUES of the theatre, art, music, films, etc.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

To each new subscriber during January a copy of the Half-crown Christmas Number (December) will be presented gratis.

Postal Subscription 15s. per annum, any address.

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

> Catholics, obliging them to take none but those of the same religion. Of this I entreat Your Majesty to have full assurance and to give it where need requires . . .

It is in the intensity of her devotion to her religion, and her desire to acquit herself as a true daughter of St. Louis, that the explanation is found of the mistakes that led to her impeachment as a traitor, and to her husband's execution.

But if Miss Oman neglects the vexed question of religion, she does not hesitate to give undue space to extraneous matters, having no relation to the life of the Queen. The number of wounds from which Henry IV died, the Queen-mother's escape from the castle of Blois, the cry in the dark garden at Amiens that discovered Anne of Austria and Buckingham together, are details unimportant in the life of Henrietta. It is sufficient that Henry IV was assassinated, that Maria de' Medici did escape from Blois, that Buckingham by his attentions to the Queen of France did make himself unwelcome in that country.

Unfortunately there are still more irritating lapses in Miss Oman's work. It is filled with small inaccuracies, none of them, perhaps, important, but having the cumulative effect of spoiling the value of the work that she has done. The proxy weddings of Louis XIII and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, were not celebrated at Burgos and Bordeaux respectively in 1615. They took place in 1612, and were confirmed in 1615, when the exchange of brides was made. The letter of Maria de' Medici, with her final instructions to her daughter, was not the work of Father Berulle, Henrietta's confessor. The original draft, in the handwriting of Richelieu, is among the French State papers in Paris. It is inconceivable that, as Miss Oman states, the Queen left France in such weather as to be buffeted about for twenty-four hours before she reached Dover. The statement of a contemporary writer that she crossed in eight hours is much more probable; that " . . . she presently took barge on Sunday about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and so came on board the stately ship called the *Prince*, being admiral, where, after shouts, prayers, vows and acclamations they hoisted sail and came that day about six o'clock in the afternoon to Dover . . ."

I repeat, none of these inaccuracies have any important bearing on the story of Charles I's Queen, but it is a pity that they have been allowed to creep into a work for the production of which every possible source of authority seems to have been examined. Miss Oman is to be congratulated on her industry in covering so vast a field of research. She is to be commiserated in having made the result a calendar of facts, not always accurately set forth.

JANET MACKAY

WILLS & TRUSTS

Increasingly people are turning to a corporate body rather than to a relative or friend to act as an Executor; and they are right, for in what individual person is found *combined*

PERMANENCE
ACCESSIBILITY
BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
COLLECTIVE JUDGEMENT

If you appoint the Westminster Bank as your Executor, your estate has also the benefits of

a) A trained staff to deal with difficulties
b) An administration which cannot be biased
c) Officials who may be consulted at any reasonable hour, and are pledged to secrecy
d) Immense resources behind your Trust

And the fees which your estate will pay will probably be but a fraction of what you would leave to a private executor.

In carrying out such duties, it is the Bank's practice to employ the family solicitor.

Inquiries will be gladly answered by

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Trustee Department: 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2
or 63 Piccadilly, London, W.1
OR IN BRISTOL · LIVERPOOL · MANCHESTER

NO MOSS

Cockalorum. By HAMISH MACLAREN. *Davies.* 10s. 6*d*.

It is always interesting to meet a character who possesses, or is possessed by, certain oddities which prevent him from success in an orthodox career. According to the confessions in *Cockalorum*, Mr. Maclaren is such a character. He pretends to explain why he has not followed up the success of his first book, *Private Opinions of a British Bluejacket*, published seven years ago. But his explanation is evasive, and comes to no more than a truculent bid for the reader to mind his own business. " I was merely bored," he says: and rather than overcome that boredom he preferred to potter about in happy penury for seven years waiting at the well for the Rebecca of inspiration. He confesses too that he tried to do the dutiful thing, an ambitious work of semi-fiction about life in the China seas; but that it died on him, a fresh death every day, until he gave up in disgust, and cursed his urgent critics, the world, and even himself.

In that mood of happy wilfulness he lingered on, either in dismal London lodgings or in his windmill on the Chilterns, until an unusually sharp pang of hunger and perhaps remorse galvanised him to action. In a few weeks he wrote *Cockalorum*, which obviously contains much of what he was trying to say in the still-born duty-book, together with humorous and sometimes facetious explanations of why he didn't say it, and how far the responsibility for that dereliction rested with the literary " racket," his well-intentioned friends, and so on.

The book is therefore a life-story by a rolling stone. Following its author's philosophy, it proceeds casually and without consequence. Perhaps that is unfair. The book does not lack consequence so much as the necessary periodic conclusions. Mr. Maclaren has a gift for artfully deliberated incoherence. It creates much the same effect as under-statement. It leaves the reader guessing; but it also stimulates him. He becomes intrigued by this author, who pretends to reveal so much of himself and reveals so little, except a delightful nonchalance and gaiety.

Mr. Maclaren began as a midshipmite, tiny both in rank and stature. During the last year of the war he served in a cruiser convoying tubs across the Atlantic. After an illness, and convalescence in his Highland home, he was gazetted lieutenant and went East to the China station.

There his temperament got hold of him. He resigned his commission, and a promising career, to become little more than a longshoreman. But he saw life, including a Russian countess who was earning her living in night-clubs. They lived together in Shanghai for some time, but then she began to nag because he was unpunctual at meal times. So he came home.

Here he roughed it; living down at the Elephant and Castle, as a waiter in a greasy Italian eating house. Then he peddled vacuum-cleaners. He wrote travel articles, and rode on railway engines, getting copy. He enjoyed it all, for these grim adventures in the underworld were all part of the great boredom. He hints at other friendships, and finally a lasting one which gave his confidence in woman-nature a new orientation, or rather occidentation, for he had come back from the East with his faith rather damaged. And finally he sat in his windmill and wrote *Cockalorum*.

It is an original book, as was his first. He has a gift for both dialogue and dialect. He can convey Scots, Cockney, West Country, Dago-English, Pidgin-English, Service-slang, with all their cultured peculiarities as well as their phonetic delights. He showed that gift in his first book, which was written entirely in Cockney.

And this is how he can create a scene.

> Early on a foggy summer morning a flotilla of destroyers was proceeding in line ahead on a north by westerly course at a moderate speed. The fog hung in woolly, slowly-rolling grey patchy banks over the sea, there was little or no wind, a mere movement of air. The sea was glassy-smooth, and like the fog it was slowly rolling south, in long heaving swells. Lifting and dipping in long rhythmic swings the light grey knife-like ships were slitting across the swells diagonally, bursting and dividing them in a single seething white line. Now and then they slipped out into small areas of dazzling blue sea and sunshine, again to vanish

ADVERTISING BY INSULT

Time was when Tradesmen approached their potential customers with a deference bordering on servility. They addressed them as " Nobility and Gentry," bowing and rubbing their hands. In fact they almost grovelled.

"Nous avons changé tout cela!"

cry many of the " up-to-date " Advertising Agents. They are no respecters of the persons of the public or of the dignity of Tradesmen. They treat the public as little bits of dirt. " Foul creatures," they yell, " your teeth are dirty, your gums are poisoned, your breath is bad, your very bodies stink, and as for your disgusting lavatories!! And all you scrofulous girls! Your hair is falling out or growing in the wrong places. You're spotty, too. Why! You don't even wash your linen properly."

Not content with this, they tell them stories in little pictures to show that, owing to their disgusting habits, their children are ashamed of them, their lovers avoid them and their neighbours laugh at them. Finally, they say, in effect, " Come to us, you miserable wretches and we will render you fit members of civilised society."

Well, Well.

People seem to lap it up quite meekly; but as servants of the public for 140 years, we frankly dislike both these methods of approach. The grovelling and the offensive seem equally undignified. We take it for granted that the teeth of every reader of the *New Statesman* are considerably whiter than snow (driven or the other kind), that they treat their bodies with respect, have up-to-date ideas about hygiene and are fussy about their Laundries. If they smell at all, it is with the faintest odour of myrrh, aloes and cassia. But the most painstaking precautions will not render them immune from

HEADACHE, COLDS, INFLUENZA, RHEUMATISM, etc.

and for these distressing troubles we offer you a sound remedy and a sound preventive:— HOWARDS' ASPIRIN TABLETS. There is no question of the value of Aspirin in these complaints, but it really is important that the Aspirin should be the best you can obtain. HOWARDS' ASPIRIN is not the cheapest perhaps, but it *is* the best, and we ask you to insist on HOWARDS' when buying. In the last five years our sales have doubled! And then there is QUINISAN. QUINISAN is a really remarkable preventive of Colds and Influenza: but you must take it at the very first symptom. If you keep a bottle of the Tablets by you and fly to it at the first sneeze it will definitely stop the cold in a vast proportion of cases. Sold by Chemists at 1s. 9d. for the smallest size. To stop a cold will cost you roughly 10*d*. Isn't it worth it?

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD. (Est 1797) ILFORD

into the murky-grey billows of the fog-blanket. Sea-wolves! It was a hunting pack.

I'm not surprised that his first book is still selling, for here is an author with a flavour; a provocative customer.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE ECONOMIST AS CITIZEN

Preface to Social Economics. By J. M. CLARK. *Farrar and Rinehart.* 10s. 6d.

Time was when the economist wrote primarily for the general public and for their rulers, advocating policy, expounding consequences, and helping to form the characteristic philosophy of his age. Such was Adam Smith, such were, to a lesser degree, the classics of the early nineteenth century, such was, in our own day, Edwin Cannan. But in England, at all events, the general doom of scientists seems to have fallen upon him; knowing more and more about less and less, he becomes, whatever the value of his work in the stratosphere of theory, increasingly unintelligible to the uninitiated, and writes primarily for his fellow-specialists. Nor is this unintelligibility confined to his language and his methods; what on earth, says the public-spirited General Reader, are his aims? Where, if at all, do the delicacies and refinements of equilibrium analysis impinge on the ordinary conduct of public affairs? What has happened to the old etymology, economics-housekeeping? In fact, whatever is the use of economics as at present taught and studied?

Of course, the analytical economist can defend himself with the greatest ease; no one, after all, expects a physicist to do the work of an industrial engineer. But there is a perceptible danger that the intellectual delights of the discipline he practices may gradually make the technique of economics its be-all and end-all. It needs not only the check of inductive studies, which can be overrated as a corrective to theory, but a healthy scepticism about first premises, to keep it in touch with earth and incidentally to satisfy that same public-spirited General Reader whom economists are so anxious to train in economic wisdom.

Just such scepticism, admirably expressed and constructively justified, will be found in Professor Clark's refreshing book of essays. Ranging in point of time from well before the War up to last year, some of them would no doubt have been differently turned had their author had under his eyes the present-day literature of imperfect competition; but there is little one can imagine him seriously wanting to alter. He has several theses. One is implied in the title of the collection; it is that economics should be normative as well as positive, and should provide a guide to right conduct as well as a mere indication of causal sequences. This is bound up with, and justified by, a second; that the economic process itself moulds those demands which classical and neo-classical economics takes as primary data—that one constant of the economic equation is in fact a variable. A third is the existence, not merely exceptionally but to an extent which vitiates the whole price-guided accountancy of the community, of "unappropriated services and unpaid costs." Yet another, to which he returns again and again, is the discrepancy between the fluidity assumed in even the more advanced equilibrium analysis and the extreme stickiness of invested capital in the real world. It is a pity that his interesting account, based on this distinction, of the technical factor of the trade cycle, remains incomplete in that it is never complemented by a discussion of its monetary aspects. That is, of course, the disadvantage of a collection of essays as compared with a full-length book in which each part is thought out in relation to the whole. One could also argue that the essay on "Long Range Planning" is trite, and that that on "Economics and Psychology" is ponderous. But the former was written in 1931, when, in the United States at all events, planning was a less familiar idea than now; and the latter, for all its length and repetition, contains some most penetrating observations. Altogether, this is a book which both the general reader and the economist should profit by and enjoy.

HONOR CROOME

In the year 1937
HEFFER'S BOOKSHOP

can be of service to you. Write to Heffer's if you want to buy books, sell books, or merely want information about books. Ask Heffer's to send you Catalogues.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED
CAMBRIDGE — ENGLAND

UNEMPLOYED

Unemployed Struggles 1919-1936. By WAL HANNINGTON. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 10s. 6d.

Well insulated by the English sense of humour, by a metropolitan determination not to be impressed, we who live in London are not so much unaware as unapprehensive of the misery that exists within a bus ride of our doors. From time to time walls that have been saying in their chalky way "God is Love" or "Mind Britain's Business" suddenly exclaim "Welcome the Hunger Marchers." Then we know that it will be difficult to reach the National Gallery on Sunday, that buses will be diverted and Oxford Street be filled with the banners of depression. Then, too, there is a deputation, an attempt to march somewhere, but after a few paragraphs in the papers the ambassadors of the oppressed have to go back and London goes on. Sometimes there is a Royal visit to a distressed area, and for a few days one feels (with the Editor of one's morning paper) that something will be done. For a few days, perhaps, it is "something must be done," then with the appearance of a Mrs. Simpson or a Test Match all is swept away in an avalanche of headlines. Miss Wallis Warfield's life story and Mr. Wally Hammond's "duck" have a greater appeal to the buyers of evening editions than Mr. Wal Hannington's struggles. "England's Uphill Fight," say the posters, and they do not mean, and we could not by any deliberate perversity imagine that they mean, the battle that has gone on to abolish rotten boroughs and child labour, to give women a vote and men the right to live and work and eat. This is the fight Mr. Hannington has been fighting, and this is the story he has to tell. Since 1919 he has been one of the unemployed, leading them first in their efforts to have their right to relief acknowledged and more recently against the Means Test. His technique has been the Hunger March, a form of passive militance peculiarly embarrassing to authorities loath spectacularly to persecute these unarmed phalanxes. On the roads to Glasgow, Edinburgh or Pontypridd, Mr. Hannington must know as much of the inside of workhouses and the personalities of their masters as any man living, and down Whitehall he has made both Capital and Labour blush. Social evolution has hurried in the last hundred years, but it must go still faster if thousands now existing in South Wales and black Jarrow are ever to have a tolerable life. Mr. Hannington, five times imprisoned and many times beaten with truncheons, is one of those who are hastening on the moment when people will realise that it is not necessary for England's firmness that a tenth of her population slowly starves.

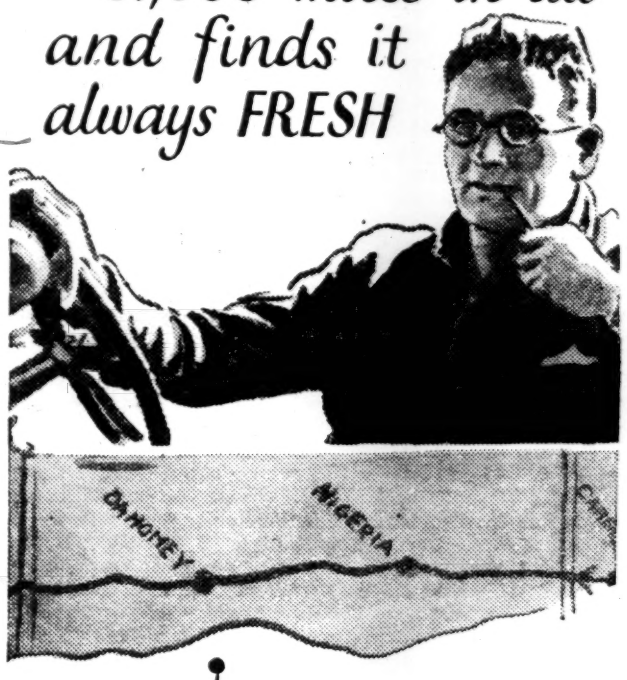
G. B.

SHORTER NOTICES

Humour and Harmony. By VLADIMIR CERNIKOFF. *Barker.* 12s. 6d.

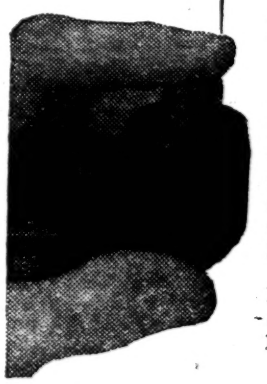
These are the memories of a pianist who by his wit and his personality has become one of the features of artistic London. An exceedingly cosmopolitan career brought him into contact with most of the musical and theatrical celebrities of the day. In his pages jostle amicably Sarah Bernhardt, the Hawtreys, Toscanini and Mistinguett; and although good stories abound not a touch of malice makes its way into the narrative. The author is, for example, quite upset to think that he once mistook "Mrs. Claude Beddington in flowing robes and with an enormous cartwheel on her head for a very distinguished Arab chief who was visiting England at that time. Happily," he reflects, "I stopped just in time." A chapter on music-halls introduces us to a very remarkable turn which he witnessed as a child in Geneva; there figured in the same programme as Little Tich and Loie Fuller a "Monsieur Charles Pétomane—dans son Répertoire," a gentleman who possessed the unusual faculty of breaking wind whenever he wished to a definite pitch and rhythm. "On this occasion, after a few preliminary '*pétarades*'

He takes Punchbowle to the Cape and back —37,000 miles in all and finds it always FRESH



"I have just completed a 37,000 mile safari from London to Cape-town and back over the Sahara. During the entire trip I smoked 'Punchbowle,' which re-tained its freshness and quality under the most adverse conditions . . "

"Punchbowle has, with-out any 'blah,' given me so many hours' real enjoyment in many out of the way parts of the Earth that it is at least up to me to say thanks to the makers."



To the ends of the Earth, Barneys can travel and arrive *in Factory-fresh condition.* This is no exaggeration, but a statement of actual fact . . . in our files are letters from Barneys smokers Overseas, who have written *spon-taneously* in praise of the freshness and goodness of Barneys as *they* receive it in the distant places.

This week, a famous World Traveller tells how he took Punch-bowle (the full strength Barneys) with him from Britain to the Cape and back—an epic journey.

This man has smoked Barneys Punchbowle under almost every condition of climate . . . at the moment you are reading this, he may be lighting up his pipe in the heart of Central Africa which he is now crossing alone . . .

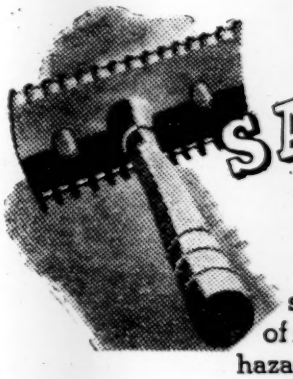
Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). In "EVERFRESH" Tins : 1/2d. oz.

Barneys

FOR QUICK, EASY PIPE-FILLING, TRY JOHN SINCLAIR'S "READY-FILLS"—(*In handy Cases of 12*)

BARNEYS IDEAL (3 strengths)	1/2	*OLD CASTLE NAVY CUT*	1/-
CUT GOLDEN BAR - -	1/-	*BARNEYS Empire* - -	10½d.
JOLLY BOAT NAVY CUT	1/-	*also RUBICON MIXTURE* in cases of 8 for 6d.	

(226) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



SAFETY

The early difficulties of shaving led to the invention of the safety razor just as the hazards and dangers of modern motoring have called forth DUNLOP the World's Master Tyres. For greater safety and more confidence

FIT

DUNLOP

TYRES

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.
Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
Branches throughout the World

There are two '90' tyres—
the Dunlop Fort '90' and
the Dunlop Standard '90'

C.F.H.
7H/114

BURBERRYS

JANUARY SALE

The Burberry

Now Proceeding
Rich Quality Garments at Low Prices.

THE BURBERRY
Burberry Airylight Gab-ardine self - ventilating weatherproof, all standard fawn shades and a medium grey. Lined all - wool proofed check, colours to tone. 34-in. to 50-in. chest measurement with lengths 42-in. to 52-in.
SALE PRICE 75/-

SLIMBER BURBERRY
Eight colours, dark to light fawn, combined with super quality check wool lining.
SALE PRICE 85/-

DUAL BURBERRY
Burberry Slimber combined with Tweed. Complete re-versal is made by turning inside out to suit the occasion.
TWEED DUAL
SALE PRICE £7.7.6

OVERCOATS (S.B. Urbitors)
Cheviots, Scotch and Irish Homespuns, Single-breasted, check and herringbone coatings.
USUALLY 7 & 8 GUINEAS SALE PRICE £4.7.6

LOUNGE SUITS
Worsteds, Saxonies and Cheviots. Sizes ranging from 34-in. to 46-in. chest. USUAL PRICE 9 GNS.
SALE PRICE £5.10.

PLUS FOUR SUITS
Cheviot Tweeds, Homespuns of the newest designs.
USUALLY 9 & 10 GUINEAS.
SALE PRICE £6.5.0

Garments sent post free. Alterations free.
SEND FOR SALE CATALOGUE S.50

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

sounding like the explosion of a small gun, the orchestra played a soft piece of somewhat subdued character upon which the soloist gave a comment with an *obbligato* of 'cello-like unity of tone." Such was the artistry of Monsieur Charles that the turn "never degenerated into vulgar outbursts from the cheaper part of the house, or provoked a dangerous imitation from the audience." The maestro, interviewed after his performance, was apologetic: "Pourtant je n'étais pas en très bonne voix ce soir!" Cerni's story lends new force to the familiar lament that the music-hall is not what it was. It ought perhaps to be explained that most of his stories are perfectly proper, and that only a reviewer's doubtful taste has singled out this surprising tale.

A Study of Industrial Edinburgh, 1923-1934. Volume I. By NORA MILNES. *King.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It would be unfair to judge this survey on the basis of one volume. It inevitably appears fragmentary and lacks any summing-up that might bring the material into relation with general problems. On some points comparisons are made with Glasgow and on others with data concerning wide areas of Scotland or with Great Britain as a whole, but these comparisons are not always helpful, and often, when they are wanted in order to give meaning to the figures cited, they are lacking. In fact, the handling of statistics in general leaves much to be desired. This volume contains an account of the population of the area, its growth and age-composition, and of the employment situation. That is to say, the distribution of the working population among the chief groups of industries and the trend of unemployment are described. Part II is made up of studies of particular industries, in which two other authors, Miss Margaret Robertson and Miss Jean Gibson, co-operate. Here too the main interest is in the extent and conditions of employment. The object of the survey was to show the effects of the depression on an area which is not technically "depressed" and in which no one industry overshadows all others. The general impression is not very cheerful. The depression of 1931 is clearly marked, and the recovery is not, so far as the figures are carried, as yet convincing. Some evidence is adduced to show that Edinburgh does not make the best of its opportunities by developing the industries in which it possesses the greatest advantage. But it is not easy to draw conclusions from the evidence. It would seem that the task undertaken by the authors was too great for their resources, a fact which they freely admit. It is obvious that they have worked very hard, and they have earned our gratitude by their labours.

Thomas Sherlock, 1678-1761. Bishop of Bangor 1728, of Salisbury 1734, of London 1748. By EDWARD CARPENTER. *S.P.C.K.* 15*s.*

Lives of eighteenth-century divines can be tedious reading for twentieth-century laymen; but that charge cannot be laid against Mr. Carpenter's biographical study of Thomas Sherlock, who, though like his father, whom he succeeded in the Mastership of The Temple, a Tory and a Laudian in his conception of Church and State, was yet a staunch upholder of the Hanoverian Succession, and a steadying influence among the opponents of the Whig oligarchy that had made that succession secure. Formidable from his youth, Sherlock was a power in his University (Cambridge), a match for such opponents as Bentley and Hoadly. In the Temple, popular with the lawyers, he acquired so wide a knowledge of the law, that when Bangor gave him a seat in Parliament he proved himself a debater whose speeches had to be heeded. Sherlock was in such familiar relationship to the politics and politicians of his time, that this admirably lively story of his life is far more than the biography of a great cleric, it is also a valuable footnote to the history of a period during which the modern political and ecclesiastical worlds were born.

Week-end Competitions

No. 356

Set by Frederick Laws

The usual prizes are offered for three poker-work, four-line poems suitable for the Study, the Guest's Bedroom and the Bathroom.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 15th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 354

Set by Hamish Miles

The usual prizes are offered for a set of Six Good Resolutions for One's Old Age.

Report by Hamish Miles

I earnestly hope that competitors have all kept duplicate copies of their Six Resolutions, for constant reference during the years that remain to them. Only by unceasing vigilance will all this nobility of purpose be made real, and I shouldn't like the world to be deprived of this race of admirable ancients just because their entries are not returned to them. Certainly most of these resolves are going to take a lot of living up to: for instance, the lady who writes:

> I will hail with joy the Salutation of Each Dawn to live each day fully, and make every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every to-morrow a vision of hope.

And a great many readers of this journal seem to be preoccupied with a longing ever "to maintain an intelligent interest in all social and public matters." Three entrants were over-zealous and sent far too many resolutions, one of them as many as fourteen; and one, from the Alpes Maritimes, denied the postulates and said:

> I will NOT make any resolutions for my old age, as I refuse to admit that there is such a state of being, as distinguished from Ill-Health or Failing Faculties.

Be that as it may, the competition reveals a wide variety of temperaments. For myself, I feel cold about "Greenhorn's" determination to "keep young by plenty of regular gardening and occasional hikes to Youth Hostels," and very uncertain about "Deirdre's" refusal to abandon "frequent dancing or summer swimming." I find more sympathy with those who accept changing age as one should accept the changing seasons; and there was much sound sense in those entries whose handwriting betrayed that first-hand knowledge inspired them: *e.g.*, "Septuagenarian" ("No longer to make changes in my will, but only to threaten and report such changes,") Sir Robert Witt ("To forget I am old and to remember I am no longer young,") F. Gourlay, A. R. and Anne Palmer. "Veritas" was impeccable in sentiment but uninspired in expression, and M. R. Davies was pleasing with her determination to wear a lace cap, keep a fat Persian cat, and "refuse to let either my doctor or my niece prevent me from digging up dandelions."

However, narrowing down the choice to those who, it seems to me, set themselves a fairly practicable standard, I am left with R. G., Allan M. Laing (in neat verses), Coleridge Hills, Timothy, A. B., J. C. B. Date, and Joan Jukes. And of these I commend Joan Jukes for first prize (her merciless realism would make her, in the end, respected and liked), with J. C. B. Date as runner-up. H. M.

SIX GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR ONE'S OLD AGE

1. Never to take a back seat.
2. To look well after Number One.
3. To keep a tight grip on one's money.
4. But to give away a lot of good advice.
5. Above all, to keep young people up to the scratch.
6. And to tell them all the time that the old way was the best.

JOAN JUKES

RESOLUTIONS FOR ONE'S OLD AGE

I resolve:—

1. To live on, but not with, my children.
2. To comment on the indisputable fact that the world is going to the dogs only in the presence of my contemporaries.
3. To inflict my memories only on those who have asked for it by making me listen to theirs.
4. Not to deprive myself of the comforts and privileges of my age by insisting that I am still young.
5. To read all the heavy tomes I have not been able to resist picking out of the 3*d.* box at bookseller's.
6. To keep my beard free from all extraneous matter.

J. C. B. DATE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 210.—TODGER'S RACE

"In the three miles," writes Puffin, "there were nine starters; each wore a distinctive number—1 to 9. We were standing about 100 yards from the finish. At this point Bolo was leading easily, followed by Ginger, Boob and Todger, in that order. The Swat, who was standing by me, noticed as they went by that the three-digit number formed by the labels of Ginger, Boob and Todger (in that order) produced, when multiplied by Bolo's number, a number in which the four digits concerned reappeared! And the extraordinary thing was that the order of the digits in this number is the order in which the four runners finished the race! In other words, Todger was the winner, and good old Boob was second."

What was Todger's number?

PROBLEM 207.—LOOKING GLASS ZOO

By *Sir Arthur Eddington*

(*I have had, for typographical reasons, to make slight alterations in the author's solution. These are:* (1) *A for a capital Psi,* (2) *m for a small Mu,* (3) *p for a small Nu.—Caliban.*)

GOLDEN MOMENTS

England v. Wales

He's got to-be good to get into his country's team —but what a Golden Moment it must be for him when he scores between the posts to give his side the victory.

But even the International, good as he is, can't smoke a better tobacco than "Cut Golden Bar" at a shilling an ounce. But it *must* be Wills's.

2 oz. vacuum tin

WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
in 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Airtight Tins
and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

CB.81B

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

YOU

can help to secure safety at sea—

For 112 years British Life-boatmen have been saving human life daily. This magnificent work costs one million 5/- each year to maintain its traditional standard of service to humanity on the seas. Help to secure this safety at sea by sending a gift today.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

VAPEX

Cured a cold "in no time"

"I have just recovered from an irritating cold and, thanks to your wonderful Vapex, it was cured in no time. The Inhalant is as effective as it is pleasant. I shall surely recommend it to my friends."

J. L., Paisley.

Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 143

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

In Memory of RALPH FOX

Killed fighting in the International Column outside Madrid on January 3rd.

A MEETING will be held at FRIENDS' HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1, at 8 p.m., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13th. Mr. H. N. BRAILSFORD will take the Chair.

★ ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL
STEPHEN SPENDER C. DAY LEWIS
JOHN LEHMANN GEORGE BARKER

in the JANUARY

★ LEFT REVIEW (6d.)

2 Parton Street, W.C.1. 6 Months' Subscription, 3/6.

MISCELLANEOUS

BAKED APPLES? APPLE PUDDING? THEN Leslie Clark's BRAMLEYS. Abt. 40 lbs., 7s. 6d., carr. fwd.; abt. 20 lbs., 6s., carr. paid; abt. 10 lbs., 3s. 6d., carr. paid. WALTERS, Galleywood, Chelmsford.

JANET CHANCE'S PAMPHLET "THE CASE FOR THE REFORM OF THE ABORTION LAWS." Post free 3½d., Hon. Sec., A.L.R.A., 17 Mount Carmel Chambers, W.8.

Send for
PITCAITHLY BANNOCKS
Shortbread with almonds and peel
By post, 3s. 4d., 5s. 10d., 8s. 7d., from MACKIE'S
108 Princes St., Edinburgh.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

ABBATT Toy Sale, Jan. 11th—Jan. 23rd. 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. Langham 3884.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete. Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Denote the four male animals by A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4 and the females by $-A_1$, $-A_2$, $-A_3$, $-A_4$.

A child's mistake can be described as a transformation, e.g.,

$$A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4 \rightarrow -A_1, A_2, A_3, -A_4$$

The transformation is equivalent to multiplying by a matrix; thus

$$\begin{vmatrix} -A_2 \\ A_3 \\ A_1 \\ A_4 \end{vmatrix} = \begin{vmatrix} 0 & -1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 1 & 0 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 0 & -1 \end{vmatrix} \times \begin{vmatrix} A_1 \\ A_2 \\ A_3 \\ A_4 \end{vmatrix}$$

We denote the matrices representing the misidentifications of the n children by E_m ($m = 1, 2 \ldots n$) so that the transformation is written $A \rightarrow E_m A$.

Owing to the condition in the second paragraph of the problem the above transformation applies to the female as well as the male animals.

The condition in the third paragraph can now be written

$$E_m(E_p A) = -E_p(E_m)A \qquad [m \text{ being not equal to } p]$$

so that

$$E_p E_m = -E_m E_p \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots \quad (1)$$

The condition in the fourth paragraph is

$$E_m^2 = 1 \text{ for boys} \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots \quad (2)$$
$$E_m^2 = -1 \text{ for girls.}$$

It has been proved that not more than 5 fourfold matrices can satisfy (1) and that (when the elements are real) 3 of them have positive squares and 2 negative squares. More usually the theorem is stated in the form that, with fourfold matrices, there cannot be more than five mutually anti-commuting square roots of -1, and that three of them are imaginary and two real.*

An actual set satisfying (1) and (2) is:

0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0
1	0	0	0	0	−1	0	0	0	0	−1	0	−1	0	0	0
0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	−1	0	0	0	0	0	−1
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	−1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0

Boys *Girls*

A non-diagonal element signifies a mistake of species. Thus the only list with any names right is the second—a boy. He got two pairs right, but interchanged the sexes of the other two pairs.

The answer is therefore:

(1) *three nephews, two nieces*

(2) *a boy*

[* Eddington, *Relativity Theory of Protons and Electrons*, § 3. 5. Also *Journal London Math. Soc.*, vol. 7, p. 58 (proof rather defective), and M. H. A. Newman, *ibid.*, pp. 93, 272.]

(3) 4 *completely right*; 4 *wrong sex.*

(There are five other possible pentads besides the one given in (3); but they all have the same characteristic, that there is only one diagonal matrix and it has two elements $+1$ and two -1. The sign of any of the five matrices can be reversed. The answer is unaffected by these variations. The theory of the pentads is given in the book already quoted § 3, 2.)

Appended is a specimen set of five lists which fulfil the conditions. (T = Mr. Tove, *t* = Mrs. Tove, and so on.)

Correct Names.	1st Boy.	2nd Boy.	3rd Boy.	1st Girl.	2nd Girl.
T	B	T	J	B	J
B	T	*b*	*r*	*t*	*r*
R	J	R	*b*	*j*	B
J	R	*j*	T	R	*t*
t	*b*	*t*	*j*	*b*	*j*
b	*t*	B	R	T	R
r	*j*	*r*	B	J	*b*
j	*r*	J	*t*	*r*	T

Comments on the problem would fill a brochure. I hope to publish more about it in subsequent issues.

PROBLEM 208.—FIVE PICTURES

This solution calls for no "working," fortunately. Each girl got 2 artists right, the five in order being (1) *Degas*, (2) *Matisse*, (3) *Renoir*, (4) *Picasso*, (5) *Klee*.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one enveloper but on separate sheets of paper.

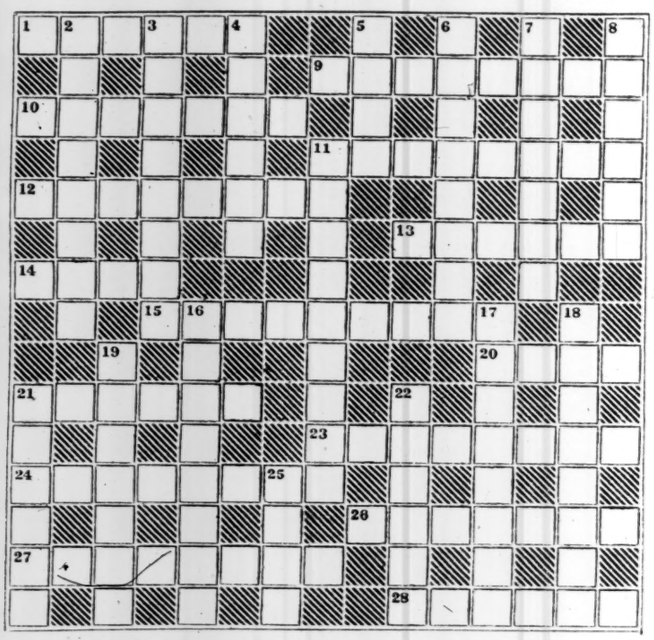
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 357

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

The Dowager Lady Ashton of Hyde, Vinehall, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

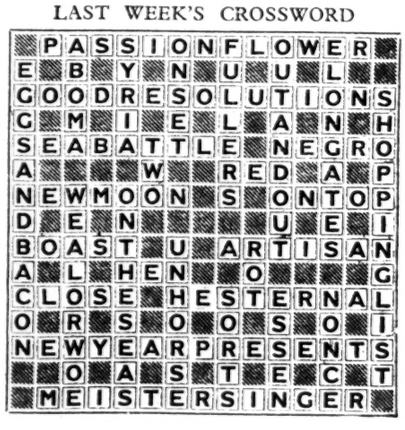
ACROSS.

1. Depression that often has a cheeky appearance.
9. Another aspect of a lie, .
10. It takes someone stout to stop the flow.
11. Suitable pavement for crabs it seems.
12. Street in which one meets one's death?
13. Its function of course is to get up steam.
14. A couple of pages.
15. A photograph enlarged to 12 inches?
20. Else perhaps they may slip through your fingers.
21. In the printing trade it is not a worshipful place.
23. The spin bowler doesn't usually produce this sort of a riot.
24. Ibsen played with them.
26. Helps to support the Underground workers' dugout.
27. Lack of intelligence is said to be.
28. He must proverbially partake of the same relish as his wife.

DOWN.

2. He arrived uninvited.
3. Spotted dog that's not a Dalmatian.
4. Shut up by boxin'.
5. Eastern language that makes a friend I see.
6. Jack Point's condition when he sang to the moon.
7. How bad lies cripple one.
8. Drinking vessel for a magistrate?
11. Not a volume about fighting for children.
16. Had a cook for too long.
17. He won his race against Brer Rabbit.
18. State where every one is single.
19. Dance with nothing on.
21. Plant that tells how old 25 are.
22. Is always getting tied up in knots.
25. Are they responsible for the Milky Way?

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL. OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic.: 7289.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34 Southwick Street, W.2. Tel.: PAD. 3237.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT West Harnham, SALISBURY. Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como. Glorious sea views, facing south, h. and c. and gas fires bedrooms, garage. Terms: 2 gns. weekly.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

HOTEL GENEVA, Bexhill-on-Sea. Facing sea due south. Swiss cuisine and management. Central heating. Running h. and c. water in all rooms. Winter terms 3-4 *gns.* per week, incl. 'Phone: Bexhill 187. Telegrams: Geneva, Bexhill.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guests received. Well-appointed private house, sunny and quiet; h. & c. all bedrooms; good cooking; 100 yards from sea. 3½ guineas weekly or terms for apartments. MACGREGOR, 36 Pinecliffe Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

YEALAND MANOR. A Quaker guesthouse amid beautiful surroundings; ideal for conferences and private guests; extensive grounds; central heating; moderate terms. Apply WARDEN, Yealand Manor, Yealand Conyers, Carnforth.

ASHDOWN FOREST. A beautiful home for guests. H. & c. w., cen. heat., open fires. Own eggs, chickens, milk, good English cooking. Beautiful garden. Hacks and hunters. THE CLOCK HOUSE, Nutley, Sussex. 'Phone 96.

BRIGHTON. 18 Chesham Place. Furnished service rooms, minute sea, meals optional, h. & c.

VISIT THE ARCTIC. Ultra-modern hotel, write FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 8s.

BOARD RESIDENCE

A BABY BREAKFAST? Not at 34 Southwick Street, W.2, where one gets Britain's best bacon.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

FOR SALE, delightfully situated pre-war house, near Barnes electric railway; 8 rooms, all modern conveniences; garage, garden, tennis court. Freehold £3,000. Box 531, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. EUSton 2931. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Two divan sitting rooms in lady's flat, students or business women. 25s. & 35s. incl. e.l. & gas, use of kit., bath. Box 537, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED lady share flat, central London, Bloomsbury district preferred. Box 532, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is how to make the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23, the shorter Special Entrance Exam.), Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 56 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for Free Prospectus** and Guide to Degrees, saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology. Address the Director of Studies, Dept. VH24,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. A modern, practical training for responsible private and business posts. Own residential clubs. Seven months' course, £55. Prospectus from Department E, 67 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Western 6939.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

DAVIES'S
(Higher Civil Service and General Tutors)
MODERN COURSES FOR SECRETARIAL AND EXECUTIVE POSTS.
Successful Tuition in Exceptional Premises.
GARDEN, SQUASH COURT, RESTAURANT.
Appointments Dept. Licensed by L.C.C.
TWO FREE SCHOLARSHIPS. EXAMS. JAN. 18 & 19.
Write for Illustrated Prospectus.
TERM BEGINS WED., JAN. 20th.
ALSO
F.O. CONSULAR, HOME CIVIL, I.C.S. TAXES
Over 350 successes since 1927.
VACATION TUTORIALS IN PROGRESS.
NEXT TERM BEGINS WED., JAN. 13th.
DAVIES'S,
SUSSEX HOUSE, 1 HOLLAND PARK, W.11.
PARK 4414.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE WHITEHALL SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. 36 Victoria Street, S.W.1. (Vic. 6216.) Common sense and initiative encouraged. Modern methods. Good openings. Miss E. CHYNOWETH, successor to Miss Trotman.

PRINTERS

FAVIL PRESS Prints efficiently and effectively for several of the advertisers in N.S. & N. . . . *verb sap.* Estimates willingly. 152 Church Street, W.8 (Notting Hill Gate). BAY 2990.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807.)

SELL your books in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies, etc. KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 'Phone: Temple Bar 6700.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 191a Palace Gate, W.8.

"THE POET," No. 4, Now on Sale, Price 10*d.* Post Free. Specimen Copy Magazine, 6*d.* THE CELANDINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Balerno, Midlothian.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

WANTED for February, a progressive young woman with experience in nursery school (on Freudian lines) to act as governess, possibility of a group later. Training in psychology essential. High wage. Write fully, send snapshot. MISS TARBOLTON, Children's Delight, Birling Gap, Near Eastbourne.

CAPABLE business woman (10 years' experience in executive posts) requires responsible work in advertising, press, publishing, or as private secretary. Box 533, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LADY (33), L.R.A.M., fluent German and French, Shorthand, Typing, Book-keeping; desires interesting position. Box 536, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN STORE. Oxford man, 30, wants intelligent job. Accept less pay. Languages. Wide knowledge and experience. Box 529, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INTERESTING unpaid secretarial work at home and abroad. Opportunities for gaining experience with International Student Service. Shorthand essential. 49, Gordon Square, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff. Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. 'Mayfair 3163-4.

ART GALLERY

AN Exhibition of Hard Paste Porcelain executed by Messrs. Bullers Ltd., a medium which has seldom been used in England since the 18th century, is on view at BRYGOS GALLERY, 73 New Bond Street, until Saturday, Jan. 30th.

PERSONAL

IDEAL HOLIDAY. Spring cruise *S.S.* "Cairo City," 9,600 tons. ATHENS, Delphi, OLYMPIA, Ithaca, CRETE, Samos, COS, Rhodes, CYPRUS, etc. April 3rd—26th. From 27 guineas, incl. London return. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

SPECIAL AREAS. A company being formed to manufacture Agricultural and Horticultural Machinery in the Special Areas requires additional initial capital on liberal participating terms. After special investigation a loan of £4,000 has already been granted by Special Areas Reconstruction Association, Ltd. Full particulars, including details of conditions under which the loan is being granted, from Box 535, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RIDING, Central London, 6 lessons 30s. Write 52 Park Crescent Mews West, Regent's Park, W.1.

SOUTH Pacific Adventure Cruise: Two required to join three young men; small yacht; 3-4 years. Some capital necessary. Write, CORSELLIS, "Treetops," Highlands Road, Leatherhead.

DIFFICULTIES in Life: At Home At School Consultations at moderate terms—children and adults. MISS M. HEYNEMANN, qualified psychologist. 96 Christchurch Road, S.W.2. 'Phone: Tulse Hill 5410.

MAN, 27, desires correspond with another; books music, travel. Box 534, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AN UNUSUAL correspondence club for unusual people. 1,900 members, many British, the world over. Write for particulars of unique service. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

YOU will probably want a photograph by the end of this year; have it taken now by ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington Street. Welbeck forty nine fifty.

NUDIST CLUB indoor central London, both sexes, est. 6 years, usual social amenities. U-V light, baths, games, exercises. Write, enclosing stamp, Box 416. N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED to purchase, bound volumes of N.S. & N. for last three years. Box 526, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

TO STOP SMOKING—quickly, cheap, lastingly; either sex write, CARLTON, LTD., 251, Birmingham.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. TEL.: REGENT 5983.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

ARGENTINE NATIONAL RAILWAYS—CORDOBA CENTRAL—BENGAL AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY—KINEMAS, LTD.

Two recent announcements reawaken the ancient controversy as to the position of the railways in our capitalistic or semi-capitalistic civilisation. The British railways claim that they are entitled to have the monopoly they have lost by the advent of road transport restored to them by legislation. Of course, in advance of a complete socialisation of the transport system, the railway companies have not a snowball's chance in hell of regaining their monopoly. In England, as in ancient Greece, our tyrants are at least our countrymen, whether they are railway stockholders, executives or platelayers, but in foreign countries this is not so. In Argentina, where the railways are mainly British owned, the Government has initiated a policy designed eventually to acquire all the railways within the limits of available finance, so that railway tariffs should be dictated without regard for the remuneration of shareholders. A provisional agreement has been signed for the acquisition by the Argentine National Railways of the Cordoba Central Railway for a sum of £10,000,000, payable as to £1,200,000 in cash and £8,800,000 in 4 per Cent. Argentine Government Bonds. The railway is a poor one and the debenture interest has not been paid for years. It is not clear at first sight why the Argentine Government should want to acquire the property, until it is realised that the railway is of the same narrow gauge as the Argentine National Railways and links up with the national system at Cordoba and Tucuman.

* * *

Stories of the government buying Cordoba Central have been current for more years than we care to remember, and we suppose the reason for their fulfilment lies partly in the necessity of casting a sop to public opinion and partly in the good credit which Argentina at present enjoys as a result of good wheat, linseed and oats harvests. Stockholders of the larger Argentine railways should lose no sleep for fear of this operation being the prelude to acquisition of the Central Argentine, B.A. Great Southern, Pacific and Western lines, for, however good may be the immediate prospects of Argentina's harvests and trade balance, God and Mr. Runciman will ensure that the "limits of available finance" are reached long before an expenditure of £60,000,000 can be contemplated for the purpose of the Central Argentine Railway. Incidentally, the Cordoba Central scheme, if it goes through, offers an opportunity of getting Argentine Government bonds on the cheap. If the cash payment of £1,200,000 is absorbed in repayments to creditors and in pensions to the staff, there will remain £8,800,000 4 per Cent. Bonds for the stockholders of the company. There is outstanding £6,178,000 Ordinary stock, £6,373,000 5 per Cent. Income Debenture stock and £8,000,000 4½ per Cent. First Debenture stock, so that if one buys £10 Ordinary, £100 Income Debenture and £130 First Debenture for the total sum of about £110, the investor obtains £142 Argentine Government 4 per Cent. Bonds, however just or unjust the company's capital reorganisation scheme proves to be as between each class of stockholder. Thus the cost per cent. works out at 77 and the yield at 5⅛ per Cent. Argentine 4½ per Cent. Conversion Bonds stand at about 100, so that the 4 per Cent. Bonds should be worth 90. There is, however, a snag, for the £8,800,000 4 per Cent. Bonds are to be "blocked" for five years. We would be willing to buy the stocks of Cordoba Central and take the chance of the purchase not being ratified, but we are not prepared to lay any sort of bet on Argentine credit in five years' time.

* * *

Public opinion in India in favour of the Government acquiring the company-managed railways is very strong, and it occasioned some surprise that the State did not give the requisite year's notice to acquire the Bengal and North-Western Railway in December, 1937. The policy of a gradual nationalisation of the railways received a check in 1929, when contracts with several companies were renewed, the reason being the high interest rates then prevailing. In view of the present favourable conditions in the capital market, it was thought that the State would have exercised its option on the Bengal and North-Western lease, and the market price of the Ordinary stock has been based on the amount likely to be received. The Government has a further option to expropriate the line in 1942, and the amount payable at that time may be conservatively estimated at £350 per £100 Ordinary stock compared with, say, £315 in 1937. State ownership of the greater number of the railways has not been an unmixed blessing. The accumulated deficits since 1931 and the need of the Provinces under the new constitution for adequate revenues have brought about the formation of a Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Ralph Wedgwood, to inquire into the "disquieting" position of the Indian railways. Meantime, the Bengal and North-Western Railway has pursued the even tenor of its way and dividends of 16 per cent. have been regularly paid. For the six months to March, 1936, the company earned nearly 10 per cent., without drawing on its interest income, which is credited to reserve, and paid 8 per cent., while for the six months to September 30th, 1936, the dividend has just been raised to 10 per cent. In spite of the pessimistic statement by the company, road competition and the vagaries of the Kosi and Ganges rivers, it looks as if we can count on dividends of 20 per cent. subject to deduction of income tax at no more than 2*s.* 7*d.* At the present price of 308 the stock gives the generous yield of 7½ per cent.

* * *

Two or three weeks ago Kinemas, Ltd., a South African company, issued £475,000 5½ per cent. debenture stock at par. The issue was badly received and the price is now 3 discount. The security is similar to the recent issue of Associated British Properties 4½ per cent. debentures issued at par and now standing at 2 discount, in that it rests principally on long leases to the cinema-operating company. Kinemas, Ltd., own five freehold properties, consisting of cinemas, offices, shops, etc., and leases them to African Consolidated Theatres, Ltd., for £45,228 per annum. In addition, the company owns share-holdings producing an income of £44,440 per annum. Interest on the debentures is covered three times on the prospectus figures. It is impossible to calculate the real cover. African Consolidated Theatres earned in 1935 a gross profit of over £200,000 after rents which we know about of £130,000 and others which we do not know. We are very tired of South African issues and the story that South Africans will invest only in gold shares. Nor do we like cinemas as security for debentures. All we can say is that we like the issue better than Associated British Properties 4½ per cent. debentures, which is not saying much.

DURING the past quarter of a century the shares of the leading British insurance companies have, on the average, doubled in value every ten years. The factors which make for capital appreciation in insurance shares are permanent factors which are just as operative today as they have been during the past 25 years. The Units of the Trust of Insurance Shares have increased in value by over 17% since the Trust was formed in June, 1934.

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

An investment, free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital, in thirty-one British insurance companies. Insurance Units may be bought and sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated gross yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is approximately 3½ per cent. Price of Units, 7th January - 24s. 0d. x.d.

TRUSTEES: WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
30 CORNHILL, E.C.3
Mansion House 5467

For full particulars apply to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to the above address, for Trust of Insurance Shares Booklet.

McN 595/4

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.
COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.
DUKE OF YORK'S. The Astonished Ostrich. Wed. & Sat.
GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.
HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.
KINGSWAY. Buckie's Bears. Daily 2.30.
LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats.
PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.
PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'. Pride & Prejudice. W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S. Till the Cows Come Home. Tues. & Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
SAVOY. Night Sky. Thu., Sat.
SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.
STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Th., Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Crooked Cross. Jan. 16th.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
Daily, 2 & 7.30. PRINCE LITTLER'S Pantomime
CINDERELLA
EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
MADGE ELLIOTT. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-).
Nightly (exc. Mons.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
"The most remarkable play of the year."
—*Evening News.*

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30, Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.
Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. (LAST WEEKS.) (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. DAILY 2 & 8.
Grand Pantomime, **MOTHER GOOSE**
Florence Desmond. Markova & Dolin. George Lacy.
Chili Bouchier & Company of 100.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn 9617.
26th year ITALIA CONTI production
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
MATINEES DAILY, at 2.15.
Popular Prices. Concessions to Parties.

KINGSWAY THEATRE. Hol. 4032.
TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 5.30.
EVERYBODY LOVES **BUCKIE'S BEARS.**
ALMA TAYLOR. 10s. 6d. to 2s. all bookable.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

Soviet News from the SOURCE!

MOSCOW NEWS
Illustrated Weekly. Indispensable for all interested in current events in the Soviet Union.
2d. per copy; 6 mths. 4s., 1 year 8s.

MOSCOW DAILY NEWS
A crisp and informative chronicle of day to day development in all spheres of Soviet life.
1d. per copy; 6 mths. 10s., 1 year £1.

SOVIETLAND
Monthly, with fine coloured pictures. Outstanding Soviet writers describe everyday life among the many national groups that comprise the U.S.S.R.
1s. per copy; 6 mths. 4s., 1 year 8s.

U.S.S.R. IN CONSTRUCTION
Large-size pictorial in photogravure. Each issue gives panorama of some aspect of Soviet living, striving, or achievement.
Single copy, 1s. 6d.; 1 year 16s.

ECONOMIC SURVEY
Facts and figures of Soviet trade and industry. Published by the U.S.S.R. Chamber of Commerce, Moscow.
1s. per copy; 6 mths. 6s., 1 year 12s.

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE
Plays, short stories, essays on art and literature, cartoons, etc., by outstanding writers and artists of all countries.
1s. per copy; 6 mths. 5s., 1 year 10s.

Subscriptions to any two of the above at reduced rates.

Distributed by Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, Moscow; can be ordered through any of the 1,500 branches of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., or through your usual newsagent.

THEATRES—continued.

PALACE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PHŒNIX. Tem. 8611. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Th. & S., 2.30
"HELL-FOR-LEATHER!"
with BERNARD NEDELL.
By Barré Lyndon.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 300 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (Ex. Mon.) Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S. Gerrard 4517.
EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) No perf. Mondays.
EVGS. 8.30. Mats., WED., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
The Jane Austen Novel. Dramatised by Helen Jerome.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. BAR 1443 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

THEATRES—continued.

SAVOY. Temple Bar 8888. EVENINGS at 8.30.
1st Mat., SAT., Jan. 9, 2.30, subs., Thurs., Sat.
NIGHT SKY.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

STRAND. Tem. 2660. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
ARE'NT MEN BEASTS!
London's Longest and Loudest Laugh. (Last Weeks.)

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
WED. NEXT 8 p.m. sharp (subs. 8.30 sharp).
1st Mat., Sat., Jan., 16th, at 2.30.
CROOKED CROSS by Sally Carson.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Jan. 14, 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, ISABEL JEANS, GREER GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
A seasonable story of carnival adventure
"CONFETTI" (U), with
HANS MOSER, LEO SLEZAK,
FRIEDL CZEPA and **"SCROOGE"** (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
Monday, 11th January, for SEVEN DAYS
LENI RIEFENSTAHL in
THE BLUE LIGHT (U).
Also Disney Cartoon and Special Shorts.

CONCERTS

AN EVENING OF MUSIC
AT THE
WIGMORE HALL,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 8.30 p.m.
SONG AND SONATA RECITAL.
Dorothy Robson,
Janet Wheeler,
Katharine Danvers,
in works by
E. WOLFF, DEBUSSY, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, Etc.
Tickets, 9/-, 5/9, 3/-, from Box Office, Wigmore Hall, W.1.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings, 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Rookery Nook. By Ben Travers.

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Grand Opera House.
The Scarlet Pimpernel.
By Baroness Orczy & Montague Barstow.

HULL **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Spring Tide. By George Billam & J. B. Priestley.

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Spring Tide. By George Billam & J. B. Priestley

MANCHESTER **Repertory**
Evgs., 7.30.
And So To Bed. By J. B. Fagan.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.